

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
NINTH ANNUAL RE-UNION
OF THE
Oregon Pioneer Association;
FOR
1881.

AND THE
ANNUAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BY HON. W. C. JOHNSON,

TOGETHER WITH

**THE OCCASIONAL ADDRESS BY HON. MEDORUM CRAWFORD,
AND OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.**



SALEM, OREGON:
E. M. WAITE, STEAM PRINTER AND BOOKBINDER.
1882.



MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

In pursuance of a call by the President, Medorum Crawford, the Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met at Portland on December 14, 1881, in the office of John Catlin, Esq.

The following named persons were present:

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President.

T. L. Davidson, Secretary.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

Jos. Watt and John Catlin, Directors.

Minutes of meeting held at McMinnville, June 15, 1881, read and approved.

On motion, John Catlin, Esq., was authorized to draw up papers for the purpose of incorporating the Oregon Pioneer Association.

Col. James K. Kelly was chosen to deliver the Annual Address; Rev. Wm. Roberts, Alternate.

Hon. M. F. Deady was selected to deliver the Occasional Address for the year 1849.

The following committee was chosen to arrange a programme, provide music, solicit subscriptions, and arrange for a grand ball to be held at the Fair Grounds, Salem, June 15, 1882: E. M. Waite, J. G. Wright, and J. W. Minto, committee.

Al. Zeiber was chosen Grand Marshal; Rev. E. R. Geary, Chaplain; Esquire Ebert, Grand Standard Bearer, assisted by Jephtha Garrison and W. J. Herren.

The Fair Grounds at Salem was the place chosen for the next reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

MEDORUM CRAWFORD,
President.

T. L. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

NINTH ANNUAL RE-UNION.

McMINNVILLE, YAMHILL CO.,
OREGON, June 15, 1881. }

The Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association [was held at McMinnville, and continued one day. A large number of members renewed their subscriptions, and a number joined the Association. Many friends were present and participated in the exercises of the day and the festive ball at night. The Re-union was a success.

The Society was called to order at 10:30 o'clock by the President, Hon. Medorum Crawford, who made the following remarks:

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

For the third time, as your presiding officer, I greet you on this the Ninth Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

During the past year our country has been prosperous beyond the most sanguine expectations. Peace and plenty abound throughout our land, and public improvements unparalleled in any State are rapidly opening up and developing all our borders.

Time, while thus rapidly facilitating and perfecting our means of enjoyment, is also sadly decimating the ranks of those Pioneers who laid the foundation of our present prosperity.

The recent death of Gen. Joel Palmer takes from us a noble man, widely known and highly respected. His eminent services in the early settlement of our country deserves, and will receive more than a passing notice. More competent men will relate his noble deeds, and abler pens will chronicle the important events of his life in connection with the early history of Oregon. An honest man; a useful citizen; a kind friend; a good neighbour—he is gone—he will meet with us no more.

Others also, have passed away, who should and will be noticed in the records

of our Society. A few years more, and the records and these photographs will be all the Society will have to remind its members of the men and women who opened the way and reclaimed this land as a priceless heritage to those who come after us.

The meeting of our Society in Yamhill county, which has within its borders more of the earliest pioneers than any county in the State, is eminently proper, and the cordial welcome manifested in these arrangements for our accommodation prove that the citizens of this beautiful village are mindful of the respect due to the pioneers of Oregon.

As a citizen of Yamhill county, and on behalf of the good people of McMinnville I give you welcome.

PROGRAMME OF THE DAY.

Procession was formed near the Railroad Depot under the direction of Grand Marshal A. Zeiber, at 11 o'clock A. M., and marched by route designated by the Committee to the stand, in the following order:

Marshal and Aids.

National Flag.

Band.

Grand Standard Bearers,

Esquire Ebert, assisted by Ben. Cornelius and Wm. Garrison.

Chaplain and Orator.

President and Officers of the Society.

Members of the Association who came to the Territory previous to 1841.

The following named gentlemen acted as Standard bearers:

1840—Amos Cook, Yamhill Co.
1841—W. T. Jones, Yamhill Co.
1842—T. J. Shadden, Yamhill Co.
1843—N. K. Sitton, Yamhill Co.
1844—John Minto, Marion Co.
1845—Stephen Staats, Polk Co.
1846—David Guthrie, Polk Co.

1847—R. V. Short, Clackamas Co.
1848—Horace Lyman, Washington Co.
1849—A. P. Ankeny, Multnomah Co.
1850—Werner Breyman, Marion Co.
1851—T. W. Davenport, Marion Co.
1852—E. C. Hadaway, Yamhill Co.
1853—R. W. Phillips, Yamhill Co.

SERVICES AT THE STAND.

- 1.—Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. Neil Johnson.
- 2.—Opening Address by the President.
- 3.—Music by the Band.
- 4.—Annual Address, by Hon. W. C. Johnson.
- 5.—Music.
- 6.—Recess one hour.
- 7.—Occasional Address by M. Crawford, on Emigration of 1842.

The Camp Fires were lighted at 8 o'clock P. M., near the stand, at which place the Pioneers were present.

The officers for the ensuing year were then elected by acclamation:

Hon. Medorum Crawford, President.

Henry Warren, Esq., Vice President.

T. L. Davidson, Secretary.

J. M. Bacon, Treasurer.

W. H. Reese, Cor. Secretary.

John Catlin, F. X. Mathieu and Jos. Watt, Directors.

The year 1855 was included by the Association, and all persons born or coming into Oregon or Washington Territory are made eligible to membership.

The Board of Directors was authorized to incorporate the Oregon Pioneer Association.

The Treasurer's report was examined and approved.

The following bills of expense for the year 1881 were presented to the Board, examined and ordered paid:

J. M. Bacon, two receipt books, 50c each.....	\$ 1 00
J. M. Bacon, mending banners.....	50
J. M. Bacon, expenses as Treasurer.....	5 00
	\$ 6 50
T. L. Davidson, three days employed as acting Secretary.....	\$ 7 50
T. L. Davidson, moving Pioneer banners to McMinnville.....	2 50
	\$ 10 00

F. J. Babcock, boxing and packing frames and mending banners	\$ 4 25
E. M. Waite, printing 200 reports	\$ 2 75
E. M. Waite, printing 200 ball tickets	1 00
E. M. Waite, printing 1000 transactions.	123 00

\$126 75

Medorum Crawford, bill	\$ 8 50
F. X. Matthieu, expenses as Director	10 00
Jos. Watt, expenses as Director	10 00
Henry Warren, expenses as Director	10 00
Medorum Crawford, expenses as President	10 00

\$ 48 50

Total expenses year ending June 15, 1881.....\$196 00

INCOME.

Balance in Treasurer's hands	\$ 75 40
T. L. Davidson, as acting Secretary, received June 15, 1881, for dues, membership fees, and sale of books	\$149 50
Which sum was turned over to Treasurer, making total income of Asso- ciation, in hands of Treasurer	\$224 90
Paid out by Treasurer	196 00
Leaving balance in hands of Treasurer	\$ 28 90

The Secretary was authorized by the Board to purchase any necessary stationery for use in his office.

MEDORUM CRAWFORD,
President,

T. L. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OREGON CITY, June 14, 1881.

To the Officers and Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association:

I again submit for your consideration the condition of the Treasury of the Association, for the year ending June, 1881:

1880.

RECEIPTS.

June 15,	To balance on hand as per report.....	\$ 15 07
	To amount received from ball.....	150 00
	" collected by Bacon.....	72 50
	" " Zeiber	31 00
	" " Brown, 1879.....	6 00
	" " Brown, 1880.....	6 00
June 17,	" received from J. H. B., from Salem.....	10 00

\$290 57

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Warrant No. 1,	E. M. Waite.....	\$100 00
" " " 2,	G. H. Himes.....	11 75
" " " 3,	Niles.....	4 00
" " " 4,	Morse... ..	18 50
" " " 5,	Oregonian.....	2 25
" " " 6,	J. H. Brown	3 00
" " " 7,	Berger.....	3 00
" " " 8,	Waite, telegraph.....	1 50
" " " 9,	J. H. Brown, stationery.....	21 45
" " " 10,	J. H. Brown, postage	4 10
" " " 11,	Hotel, Pettigrove.....	20 00
" " " 12,	Postage account, J. H. B.....	3 00
" " " 13,	Waite, old account.....	20 12
" " " 14,	J. T. Williams.....	2 50
Amount to balance.....		75 40

\$290 57

1881.

June 15,	To balance on hand (which was stolen at the time of the robbery, but I have replaced it).....	\$ 75 40
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Respectfully submitted,

J. M. BACON, *Treasurer.*

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. MEIDORUM CRAWFORD.

Pioneers of Oregon, Ladies and Gentlemen:

From year to year at our annual reunions you have been entertained with history and incidents of successive emigrations from 1843 to 1848. No one has volunteered to tell you of the little party who crossed the Rocky mountains in 1842, and fearing that the future historian, looking through the records of this society for information concerning the earliest emigrants, will conclude that the few allusions made to our party were too unimportant to find a place in history, I have, at the solicitation of the few comrades left of that year's emigration, undertaken to furnish for your entertainment and for the records of our Society an address on that subject.

Conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, I undertake it with reluctance, hoping that duty will never again demand of me a service which I am so incompetent to perform.

Your occasional addresses descriptive of the different emigrations from year to year have been delivered by able men who, in the full maturity of their manhood at the time of which they spoke could readily call to mind incidents in which they were principal actors, and history which they helped to make; while I must speak of what transpired thirty-nine years ago, when I was little more than a boy in years, and less than the average boy in experience. A good memory and vivid imagination would aid me much, as it has others on similar occasions, but unfortunately I have neither, and therefore can only present to you to-day a few simple facts and incidents without embellishment, unvarnished, unadorned.

In the spring of 1842, Dr. Elijah White, an old acquaintance of our family, who had spent three years in Oregon, connected with the Methodist Mission, visited my father's house in the village of Havana, in the State of New York, and told us of Oregon, its rich soil, mild climate and beautiful scenery.

He had just been appointed "Sub-Agent of Indian Affairs West of the Rocky Mountains," and was, I believe, the first Indian agent ever appointed by our Government for the Pacific Coast.

He being about to start overland to Oregon, I at once decided to accompany him, and on the 17th day of March, with Dr. White, Nathaniel Crocker, Alexander McKay and John McKay, left my home for the first time in my life, never previously having been out of my native State. The McKays were natives of Oregon, brothers of Dr. William McKay, known by many of you. The three brothers had been sent east by their father, Thomas McKay, to be educated, and William was then attending the medical college at Geneva, New York.

Traveling by stages and steamboats via Seneca Lake, Lake Erie, the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri rivers it took us thirty days, not including stoppages, to reach Independence, Missouri, the then extreme frontier town and starting point for Rocky Mountain and Santa Fe trading, trapping and hunting expeditions.

Stopping several days in St. Louis, we made the acquaintance of William Sublett, who for many years had been engaged in trapping and trading in the Rocky Mountains, from whom we gained much valuable information concerning the country over which were to travel, the Indian tribes and the proper outfit for our journey.

On the first of May we arrived at Independence, where we found several men waiting and some families camped in the vicinity, and day by day the number increased until the 16th, when the company, numbering one hundred and five in all, fifty-one of whom were men over eighteen years of age, started with sixteen wagons and a number of cattle, on, to us, an unknown and almost trackless prairie.

For myself, having nothing to lose, and knowing nothing of the responsibilities of family or dependents, I had but little thought but for the adventures and advantages offered by a new country; but after experiencing and realizing the dangers and privations to which we were subjected, I have often wondered how those having wives and children dependent upon their care and protection could venture on so blind and hazardous a journey.

Not one of our party had ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, and only Dr. White and the two McKays had ever seen Oregon.

A man of our party named Coats had some years before been as far as Green river on a hunting and trapping expedition. Him we selected as a guide, and as we had no track to follow it was necessary for him to ride in advance and constantly in sight of the foremost wagon.

On the fifth day we buried a child of Judge Lancaster's, and nine days later the failing health of Mrs. Lancaster compelled the judge to abandon the trip, and he was accompanied back to the Kansas river by Dr. White and two or three others, who overtook the company some three days after. Some five or six years later Judge Lancaster came to Oregon, and now lives in Washington Territory.

Some week or ten days after starting we were overtaken by an invalid gentleman named Bishop, accompanied by Stephen Meek, brother of the late Col. Jo. Meek. Mr. Bishop was far gone with consumption, so weak and emaciated as to be hardly able to sit upon his horse; yet he so revived by mountain air and travel that he reached Fort Vancouver, from which he embarked for the Sandwich Islands, and there died.

It would be impossible for me to convey to you any definite idea of the difficulties and dissensions we experienced. No party had ever before traveled over that wild Indian country without the guidance and protection of some experienced traders or hunters, and every subsequent emigration has had the benefit of guides and guide books describing the route and country to be passed over, while we traveled blindly on, not knowing when we started in the morning where we would find grass and water for the next camp or at what moment we might encounter a band of hostile Indians.

The first excitement we had in camp was about the dogs. It was found that most of the men and some of the women were possessed of a canine, and each individual considered their personal safety and future welfare dependent on the protection these animals would give them on their journey. Each owner was ready to qualify that it was not his or her dog that commenced the quarrel or raised the row during the night. While it was apparent to all that dogs in the plural were a nuisance, still each person maintained that one good dog in the camp would be useful, and his was the one. After much talking and wrangling it was conceded that they were all good dogs, but like all other luxuries must be dispensed with on this occasion for the general welfare, and somewhere about thirty of these animals were shot, after which quiet reigned for a time.

Other grievances, however, soon presented themselves. All sorts of impracticable bargains, promises and agreements had been made before starting, which the parties were unable and often unwilling to perform, and overloaded teams and inadequate provision for the trip, aggravated by the fearful storms incident to that country in the early spring, making every one cold and miserable, seemed to render all harmony and kindly feeling impossible.

We were about three weeks reaching the South Platte river, where we found

the buffalo in great abundance. Day after day we drove along, as it were in their very midst, and were often in danger of being run over by them, as they went thundering across our way, making the earth tremble as they ran. The excitement of killing these animals and the abundance of provisions thus procured, together with the improvement in the weather, to some extent quieted dissensions, diverting our minds for the time from the fatigues and hardships of the journey.

Fording the South Platte where it was about half a mile wide without serious difficulty and crossing over some eight or ten miles to the North Platte we pursued our way over the route familiar to all emigrants passing Chimney rock and Ash Hollow and reaching Fort Laramie about the last of June.

Fort Laramie, so-called, at that time consisted of two trading posts, situated about one mile apart—one on Laramie Fork, belonging to the American Fur Company, who kept some twenty-five or thirty men employed, hunting and trading with the Indians. The other post, on Platte river, belonged to Sybille & Richard, and employed fifteen or twenty men, in like manner. The trade was mainly for buffalo robes, and carried on during the fall and early winter only. When the trading season closed in February, barges were built of cottonwood lumber, sawed with whip saws, on which the buffalo robes were transported down the Platte and Missouri rivers, on the spring floods, to St. Louis. Each spring some five or six of these barges were loaded with buffalo robes and a few beaver skins, purchased from white trappers who occasionally came in to trade for supplies. The goods to supply these posts were purchased in St. Louis, transported by steamers to the mouth of Kansas river, and from there hauled in wagons and carts to the posts.

Thus the spring and summer was occupied in transporting goods and robes to and from the posts, leaving only men enough in charge to guard the property during the summer.

Here we remained two days to rest and recruit our failing animals, which were becoming tired and footsore, and to rest our own weary bodies, in more security than we had felt since leaving Independence.

Here we were joined by my friend F. X. Mathieu and three others, and I doubt if any individuals ever started to Oregon on shorter notice or with less baggage. It was a marvelous thing to my inexperienced mind to see men coolly mount their ponies, and with no provision or outfit other than a buffalo robe, a gun and a tin cup each, start off on a journey to an unknown country, hundreds of miles distant, requiring long months of travel. From Mr. Mathieu

I obtained the above information concerning the trading posts, he having been some time in the employ of Sybille & Richard, as clerk.

By this time the folly and recklessness of trying to travel without an experienced guide were so apparent that Dr. White entered into negotiations with Mr. Fitzpatrick, who happened to be at Laramie. After considerable hesitation he consented to accompany us as far as Fort Hall for \$500. This gave us more confidence than we had hitherto felt, and we started out with renewed energy and hope.

No wagons had ever traveled beyond Laramie, and although Mr. Fitzpatrick was well acquainted with the trails and bridle paths, it was often difficult to find suitable passes and fords for our teams

About the middle of July we reached the Sweetwater, where our first serious accident occurred. A young man named Bailey, walking into camp after a long and weary day's travel, passed behind a wagon just as the owner of the wagon drew a blanket from the front and caused a rifle which was lying in the wagon to discharge. The ball passing out through the hind gate, struck Bailey in a vital part, causing his death in a few minutes. He was wrapped in his buffalo robe and buried near Independence rock, no indication of his grave being left visible, lest the Indians should discover and disturb his remains. Poor Bailey! none knew his history, and so far as I know, neither kith nor kin was ever informed of the circumstances of his melancholy end.

While our company were camped near the Devil's Gate, on Sweetwater, we were surprised by some two hundred Sioux Indians bringing in as prisoners, each mounted behind a painted warrior, Messrs. Hastings and Lovejoy, whom they had captured on Independence Rock, where they were engaged in inscribing their names, as many others had done before them. These gentlemen, with their horses and equipments, were at once given up, and the Indians, after receiving some trifling presents, left us unmolested to pursue our journey.

While on the Sweetwater we spent several days hunting buffalo and drying meat, as we were told by Mr. Fitzpatrick that we would soon be out of their range. The meat being cut in thin slices was dried in the sun, sometimes by being hung outside of the wagon covers when traveling. On our way up the Sweetwater we saw several small bands of Indians passing in different directions, and on one occasion we came upon a village estimated by Fitzpatrick to contain from four to five thousand inhabitants. From them we obtained ponies and buffalo robes on very favorable terms, the Indians showing no disposition to molest or annoy us.

About the 1st of August we came to Green river, where the lateness of the

season, the condition of our animals and the scarcity of provisions admonished us of the necessity of abandoning every article we could possibly get along without. This brought on serious discussion. The idea of throwing away the old chairs, feather beds, earthen dishes and heavy cooking utensils excited the wives, while the men hesitated long before they could consent to part with their wagons, harness, ox yokes, and chains, with little hope of being able to replace them at their destination. However, the necessity was so urgent and the danger so great that after long and painful meditation about one-half the wagons were dismantled and portions of them used to make pack saddles.

My old friend Shadden here, had as fine a six-mule team and wagon as ever was driven out of Missouri, and by care and skill had kept everything about it in perfect order; but when he felt that the lives of his family depended on hastening forward he sacrificed his all, as it were, as readily as his faithful wife did her only chair, which was so comfortable by the camp fire at evening.

Horses, mules and oxen were packed with such clothing, utensils and provisions as were indispensable for our daily wants, and with heavy hearts many articles of comfort and convenience, which had been carefully carried and cared for on the long journey, were left behind.

About the middle of August we arrived at Fort Hall, then an important trading post belonging to the Hudson Bay Co.

From Capt. Grant, his officers and employes, we received such favors and assistance as can only be appreciated by worn out and destitute emigrants.

Here the remaining wagons were left and our company, no longer attempting to keep up an organization, divided into small parties each traveling as fast as their circumstances would permit, following the well-beaten trail of the Hudson Bay Co. to Fort Walla Walla now Wallula.

The small party to which I was attached was one month traveling from Fort Hall to Dr. Whitman's, where we were most hospitably received and supplied with flour and vegetables in abundance, a very acceptable change after subsisting almost entirely on buffalo meat from Laramie to Fort Hall, and on salmon from Fort Hall to Whitman's. In fact there had not been in my mess a mouthful of bread since leaving Laramie.

When we arrived at Dr. Whitman's he was preparing to cross the Rocky Mountains on his way to Washington, and induced Gen. Lovejoy to accompany him. Both returned with the immigration the following year.

From Walla Dr. White and some others took passage down the Columbia river in the Hudson's Bay Co's. boats. Others pursued the journey by land to The Dalles, and there embarked in boats or canoes, and still others and the

larger portion of the emigrants crossed the Cascade mountains on the old Indian trail.

From Fort Hall to the Willamette no precaution was taken against, or the slightest apprehension felt of Indian hostility, nor were we in any instance molested by them; on the contrary, they furnished us with salmon and game and rendered us valuable assistance for very trifling rewards.

From Walla Walla to the Willamette falls occupied about twenty days, and, all things considered, was the hardest part of the entire journey—what with the drifting sands, rocky cliffs, and rapid streams along the Columbia river, and the gorges, torrents, and thickets of the Cascade mountains, it seems incredible how, with our worn out and emaciated animals, we ever reached our destination.

On the 5th day of October our little party, tired, ragged and hungry, arrived at the falls, now Oregon City, where we found the first habitations west of the Cascade mountains. Here several members of the Methodist Mission were located, and a saw mill was being erected on the island.

Our gratification on arriving safely after so long and perilous a journey, was shared by these hospitable people, each of whom seemed anxious to give us hearty welcome and render us every assistance in their power.

From the falls to Vancouver was a trackless wilderness, communication being only by the river in small boats and canoes. Toward Salem no sign of civilization existed until we reached the French prairie, where a few farms near the river were cultivated by former employes of the Hudson's Bay Company.

West of the falls some fifteen miles was Tualatin plains, where a few settlers, mostly from Red river, had located.

Within the present limits of Yamhill county, the only settlers I can remember were Sidney Smith, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher, James O'Neil, Joseph McLaughlin, — Williams, Louis LaBoute and George Gay. There may have been one or two more, but I think not. South of George Gay's on the west end of Salem on the east side of the Willamette river, there were no settlements in the territory.

There were in the valley some twelve or fifteen Methodist Missionaries, most of them having families, under the general superintendence of Rev. Jason Lee. Some of them were living at the falls, some at Salem, and some at the Mission farm ten miles below Salem, opposite the place now known as Wheatland. At these places, especially the falls and Salem, many improvements were being made, and employment was given at fair wages to all who desired work. Pay-

ment was made in lumber and flour from their mills at Salem, cattle and horses from their herds, and orders on the mission stores at the falls, kept by Hon. George Abernethy. There was no money in the country, in fact I do not remember seeing a piece of money of any description for more than a year after my arrival. A man's financial condition was based upon his cattle, horses, and credit on the Hudson Bay Co.'s, or Abernethy's books. With these he could procure everything that was purchasable in the country.

All kinds of tools and implements were scarce and generally of the most primitive character.

There were no wagons in the country. Carts of the rudest manufacture were in general use, which among the French were frequently ironed with raw-hide. Ground was plowed with wooden mould-boards, grain was thrashed in rail pens by the tramping of horses and cleaned by winnowing in the wind, and transported in canoes and bateaux to Fort Vancouver to market. Most of our clothing came from the Hudson's Bay Co., was all of one size and said to have been made to fit Dr. McLaughlin, who was a very large man.

Boots and shoes were more difficult to be obtained than any other article of clothing; as for myself I had no covering for my feet for two years, either summer or winter, but buckskin moccasins, still I never enjoyed better health in my life.

While I agree with the generally accepted opinion that the primary object for which the missionaries were sent to this land was an entire failure, still I think just credit is not generally accorded them for the influence their presence and establishment here had in hastening and facilitating the settlement of this country.

It was as a missionary that Dr. White acquired his knowledge of Oregon, which induced him to apply for, and enabled him to obtain a kind of roving commission as Sub-Agent of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, and a few hundred dollars to enable him to make a trip across the continent. His appointment having been made public on the western frontier, he gained accession to our company, while his presence gave us confidence, secured to us consideration from the traders and above all enabled us to have a guide and interpreter from Fort Laramie to Fort Hall, without whom we could not have accomplished the journey. The departure of our company for Oregon was extensively published and commented on throughout the western States, and our safe arrival here was reported by Dr. Whitman, who returned that fall and winter, hence the next emigration had the knowledge that one company had safely preceded them. They also had the experience and advice of Dr. Whitman and Gen. Lovejoy to guide and counsel them on their journey.

Thus I would give credit indirectly to the Methodist Mission for the successful journey of the first emigration in 1842, and directly to Dr. Whitman for the safe arrival of the large and influential emigration of 1843, which practically settled the question of occupation by American citizens of this then disputed territory.

I would much like to speak of my comrades and traveling companions personally and of incidents with which they were individually connected, but I forbear, lest some inappropriate word shall inadvertently fall from my lips or some appropriate word shall be left unsaid tending to detract from the credit due alike to all who endured the hardships and shared the perils of our journey and thus demonstrated the possibility of families crossing the Rocky mountains without other protection than their own strong arms and sturdy wills.

I would also like to speak of individual acts of kindness and hospitality extended by Dr. McLaughlin, the missionaries, and the settlers generally, but it would be little more than a repetition of what has already been well said by those who have addressed you on former occasions.

Early in February an event happened which cast a gloom over the settlement. Dr. White and Nathaniel Crocker of our emigration, W. W. Raymond of the Methodist Mission, Cornelius Rodgers, a teacher, with his wife and her young sister, daughters of Rev. David Leslie, were on their way to the falls in a large Chinook canoe, manned by four Indians. Arriving at the rapids above the falls where the breakwater and basin is now located, they attached a line to the canoe as was the custom, and Mr. Raymond and two Indians walked along the rocks to hold it while approaching a landing place just above the falls where the saw mill now stands across the channel.

As the canoe came alongside a log, Dr. White stepped out, and instantly a strong current caught the stern and snatching the line from those on the bank, carried the canoe like a flash over the falls only a few rods distant.

The canoe was dashed into a thousand fragments, and, with its living freight, swallowed up in the whirlpool below.

This was indeed a fearful blow to our little colony. As the sad tidings were carried and related through the settlement, all business was suspended and general grief and sadness pervaded every cabin.

The missionaries mourned the irreparable loss of Mr. Rodgers and family, the emigrants especially deplored the sad fate of poor Crocker, whose genial countenance and encouraging words had done so much to lighten the burdens of our toilsome journey.

A number of our company, probably one-third, dissatisfied with the winter

and not willing to wait and see what the summer would bring forth—acting on their migratory instincts—determined early in the spring of 1843 to go to California. It was said of some of those that they never remained in one place longer than to obtain the means to travel; and of one family in particular, that they had practically lived in the wagon for more than twenty years, only remaining in one locality long enough to make a crop, which they had done in every State and Territory in the Mississippi valley.

Accordingly, under the lead of L. W. Hastings, they set out as soon as the weather would permit, and, after encountering some difficulty with the Indians, they reached Sacramento Valley. Among this party was Hon. Nathan Coombs, then a mere boy, who afterwards became a large land owner and stock raiser in Napa valley, and founder of the city of that name. Uncle Tommy Shadden, who is here to-day, was also of that party.

In the spring of 1843 those of our party who remained in the country generally located claims in different sections of the Willamette valley, and laid the foundations for homes they had traveled so far to obtain. These claims were by common consent recognized and respected without other protection than public opinion until the provisional government was established, which provided that non residents could hold claims by having them recorded and paying five dollars annually into the territorial treasury.

The emigration of 1843 so far eclipsed our little company in numbers and prominence, that they are frequently spoken of as the "first emigration," and this feeble effort is undertaken solely for the purpose of rescuing from oblivion the little band of adventurers who crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1842, whose names I will now call.

The following named men over eighteen years of age composed the emigration of 1842:

C. T. Arendell,	John Dearnn,	S. W. Moss,
James Brown,	John Dobbinbess,	J. L. Morrison,
William Brown,	Samuel Davis,	Stephen Meek,
Gabriel Brown,	J. R. Kobb,	Alex. McKay,
Barnum,	Owen Sumner,	John McKay,
Hugh Burns,	T. J. Shadden,	Walter Pomeroy,
G. W. Bellamy,	Andrew Smith,	Dwight Pomeroy,
Bennett,	A. D. Smith,	J. W. Perry,
Bennett, Jr.,	Foster,	Dutch Paul,
Bailey (killed),	John Force,	Adam Storn,
Nathaniel Crocker,	James Force,	Aaron Towner,

Nathan Coombs,	Girtman,	Joel Turnham,
Patrick Clark,	Gibbs,	Elijah White,
Alexander Copeland,	L. W. Hastings,	David Weston,
A. N. Coates,	J. M. Hudspeath,	Darling Smith,
M. Crawford,	John Hofstetter,	A. L. Lovejoy,
Allen Davy,	Hardin Jones,	Rubin Lewis.

As before related, F. X. Matthieu and three Frenchmen whose names I do not remember, joined us at Laramie.

Ten families remained in the company after the return of Judge Lancaster.

Of the men named I know of but ten now living in this State and adjoining Territories, and but three are in our procession to-day.

When the time shall come that no pioneer of 1842 shall be left to carry our banner in your procession, I trust your Society will provide that our sons born in Oregon may take our places and that our banner may be seen in your ranks as long as this Association may exist.

ANNUAL ADDRESS.

BY HON. W. C. JOHNSON.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I desire to say in behalf of the officers of our Association that they had every reason to suppose arrangements were made a year since for better entertainment than will be afforded you during the time occupied by the annual address. Rev. J. S. Griffin, who came to Oregon in his youthful manhood and has been an active participant in the transactions which make up the history of our past, was selected for the work of this hour and accepted the appointment. Some six weeks since he notified me that he had been chosen by the State Temperance Alliance as a delegate to the National Alliance, which meets somewhere east of the Mississippi river this month, and that he *probably* should feel it his duty to accept the appointment and leave the pioneer address to his alternate. I wrote Mr. Griffin urging him to remain with us, and go east afterwards. I heard nothing about him until about three weeks since I saw the announcement in the newspapers that our aged friend and brother had actually gone. Capt. Gilman's excursion and cheap fares were attractions not to be resisted, and Griffin is not here. I am sorry for you and the officers of our organization, but still if you can endure the consequences, I will have to.

I desire to say for myself that I have read the constitution of this Association, and know that its primary object is to collect and preserve historical facts relating to Oregon and its early settlers. And you naturally expect the annual address to be devoted to the treatment of some person, period or topic historically. But three weeks time, almost entirely taken up with the cares of business, is too short a period for the preparation of matter for such an address. If I had an entire year, by no means too short a space, it would be a pleasure to present some matter worthy of preservation. But in the short time which has fallen to me you would not expect me to do better than to try and interest you for the moment, and leave for other times and abler hands the other class of work.

In the able and exceedingly entertaining "Occasional Address" delivered by

ex-Senator J. W. Nesmith, at the annual reunion of 1875, a doubt is expressed as to whether any rational motive governed the early settlers of the northwest in making their way across the supposed deserts and mountain barriers and through tribes of treacherous Indians that made the journey so tedious and dangerous. He said: "It may be asked, Why did such men peril everything—burning their ships behind them, exposing their helpless families to the possibilities of massacre and starvation, braving death—and for what purpose? I am not quite certain that any rational answer to that question will ever be given. At the time we came there was comparatively little known of the possessions to which we had disputed title on this coast. Lewis and Clark had only beheld the valley of the Columbia river. The missionary reports were confined principally to exaggerated accounts of Indian conversions, while other writings upon the subject of Oregon were a mixture of fiction and perverted fact that contained no definite information of the country and its resources."

I was but a boy when I came to Oregon in 1845, and deserve no credit or blame for the journey made. I came because my father brought me. But even then at the age of 12 I had read much of Lewis and Clark's journal and with the greatest relish had perused the account given by Hasting and Lovejoy, two young lawyers, who had made their way to the Pacific in 1842-3, and published a small pamphlet for circulation in the east. I well remember the thrilling emotions with which I read Mr. Lovejoy's account of his capture by the Indians at "Independence Rock," and how I determined if we ever reached that point to climb that rock and see if Lovejoy had indeed inscribed his name so high on that imperishable monument as represented. I have very vivid recollections of how I climbed that rock, having clandestinely left the train for that purpose, without the knowledge of my parents; and how it was as I stood there gazing at the names of Lovejoy and many others, unconscious of any danger, my back came suddenly and violently in collision with a good sized sarvisberry bush, wielded by an irate father, who had been sent by an anxious mother to see whether her eldest son had not been captured by the same treacherous and mercenary savages who had prevented Mr. Lovejoy from putting the final "y" on the inscription of his name. That bush came in frequent service in increasing the speed with which that wayward youth returned to the care of his mother with the moving train of wagons.

Though such a youth and many others like him who came west under control of the law of obedience to parents, or even such aimless, reckless and homeless young men as Mr. Nesmith describes himself to have been, may have been lacking in rational motive for the journey, it has not seemed to me necessary to look upon the great body of the pioneer train as possessed of so little character and purpose.

Thomas Jefferson was a wise and patriotic chief magistrate of the United States. In connection with his negotiations for the purchase of Louisiana Territory from France, which was consummated as early as 1803, he planned and accomplished the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark. The journal of these explorers was published and widely read. And so great was the interest in what they had done that they were considered worthy of great honor. Lewis was made Governor of the Missouri territory, and Clark was placed in command of its militia. The interest awakened in Oregon by these men never died out along the western border. St. Louis became the headquarters of the brave and daring Rocky mountain trappers, hunters and traders, who gradually extended their operations west of the summit. As one after another of these returned, the accounts they gave and the yarns they spun, as they loafed in winter around the "Old Green Tree Tavern" in St. Louis gradually found their way into the papers, and were taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth among settlers up and down the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. The Hudson Bay Company had for many years been carrying on its business in the Oregon country, and though its policy was not to encourage the settlement of the country by Americans, or at all by an agricultural or commercial people, much information about the condition, value and resources of the land found its way into common channels of communication with the public from returned employes and independent trappers who sold to that company the results of their annual toil. From 1817 to 1832, Hall J. Kelley published pamphlets and memorialized Congress on the subject of Oregon settlement, and his society had thirty-seven agents scattered over the Union. Nothaniel Wyeth was here from 1832 to 1836. Robert Moore, Rev. Clark and others came in 1839 and 1840 and added to the numbers who were sending news east of the resources of the Pacific slope. Rev. Jason Lee, an honorable and truthful man had reached the Willamette valley in 1834-5, and while his views of the effect of the gospel upon the minds and hearts of the Indians of the country may have been colored by his hopeful enthusiasm, and such as subsequent events and experience did not justify, his statements about the excellence and productive value of the country, the desirableness of the climate and the propriety of the country's occupation by whites were widely disseminated through both religious and secular journals, and were believed by a very large class of people. Other men, both lay and clerical, had been in the country in connection with the Methodist missions before 1840, and were in occasional communication with friends east. Joseph L. Meek and his associates settled in the Tualatin plains as farmers and stock growers in 1840. Dr. Marcus Whitman and his associates of the Presbyterian missions were calling the attention of the American people to the importance of settling the country, and the doctor made his celebrated journey to the national capital to brace up

Mr. Webster in 1841-2 in his negotiations with the British minister, and to stir up the American people to settle the country and save it from the grasp of the British lion. Benton and Lime, senators from the State of Missouri, whose home was where Lewis and Clark had flourished, and where they were constantly familiarized with the stories of the returned trappers, were actively urging Congress to make promises of land to all who would break over the barriers of mountain, stream and desert and make their home in the far away disputed section. The fact that the country *was* in dispute between the United States and Great Britain awakened wide attention and interest. I know that things were so well understood about the prospective growth of the population of Oregon territory, that early in 1844, if not before that time, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, of New York, was engaged in correspondence with Rev. Ezra Fisher and Rev. Hezekiah Johnson about coming to the Willamette Valley to preach to the *white* people, and arrangements being completed that society sent those two men and their families across the plains with the emigration of 1845.

The spirit of adventure and discovery which seems to be implanted by the Creator in certain persons in all ages, which enables us to account for the crossing of the Alleghany mountains by Daniel Boone and other pioneers who first occupied the "bloody ground" of the then west, was doubtless in a large degree developed in the men and women who came to Oregon in the "forties." But I am convinced from the facts and circumstances already briefly alluded to, as well as others that might be spoken of, that a majority of the leading men were moved by business sagacity, by desire for health improvement by desire for pleasure in travel and above all by a lofty and patriotic purpose to place the country actually and practically in American hands during the pending negotiations.

The speech that young Peter H. Burnett made at Independence, the rendezvous of the emigration of 1843, as quoted by Mr. Nesmith in his address before alluded to, gave a fair resume of what inspired the restless throng about him. He wanted more room, better and broader acres, better health, better returns for labor, and a land a little nearer heaven than Missouri then was in which to die. But he also pictured how with their trusty rifles they would drive out the British usurpers who claimed the soil, and defend the country from the avarice and pretensions of the British lion, and how posterity would honor them for placing the fairest portion of the land under the dominion of the stars and stripes. And so that company, animated by much of the same spirit that possessed their fathers in the war of the revolution and the subsequent contest of 1812, shouldered their trusty rifles and took up their line of march to find the

ancient foe, to save the soil for Uncle Sam, and to make for themselves and their posterity a home in a land of comfort, peace and plenty. There were few of them who could purchase 80 acres of land then to be entered at the government price, and fewer still who would not rather earn a mile square of better soil by a healthful and entertaining journey of seven months duration. There were among them lawyers, doctors, preachers, mechanics, artisans, pedagogues, traders and speculators; the matronly wife and mother, the coy maiden, and the spruce and dapper beau. When the trains of 1845 reached the Willamette with their important freight, including a much greater number of marriageable young ladies than had ever before reached so far west, I remember seeing at least one young man, whose name appears in the roll of 1843, resurrect from some place in his log cabin the swallow-tailed coat, broad cloth suit, and patent-leather boots, which had graced his person at the Presidential receptions in Washington city, before he left, by way of Independence, for the far-off Oregon, which suit he used as a Sunday rig in exchange for the buckskin outfit with which he followed the plow on week days. The printer and printing press found their way hither at a very early day—1845. In fact at no time after 1843 were the ingredients of a well organized civilized community lacking among the American settlements west of the Cascade mountains.

The argument and conclusion from all this is strong and firm that the early settlers of this part of our common country were men of average intelligence and information; that they were satisfied they were coming to no mean land; that they had faith in the will of the general government to reward them with land for their sacrifices in getting here; and that they were brave enough and patriotic enough to insist upon the right of Americans to hold the country, and aid by the force of their immediate presence in having the long pending dispute between the two governments settled, as it finally was, 35 years ago this day, in favor of the United States. There were doubtless among the early settlers a few men who had left the abodes of civilization in the east to escape just punishment for crime, and rare cases of those who had become embittered by domestic trouble, and left their wives and children to come to this land where it indeed rains, but where the showers do not consist of broom handles, fire shovels and frying pans in the hands of recalcitrant spouses, as we read was the case a few years since in the State of Indiana and surrounding sections. And even some such men, under the benign influences of this milder climate, became a second time married, and were and are orderly, useful citizens and prosperous and successful in the acquisition of property and the comforts of a civilized life. And it is only upon the death of such settler that the existence of the first wife becomes known, when she comes forward to claim the "wife's half" of the dona-

tion claim, and our courts are now wrestling with the question as to whether Congress provided for the wife who was left in the east or the Oregon wife who lived on the land and is named in the papers. Two or three such cases have come under my observation in my professional life. And the aimless, adventurous class who came because they could, who took a leap in the dark and landed in the Willamette valley, who were soldiers of fortune without any clearly defined purpose or motive, found unexpected processes of development and growth in the new settlements, and opportunities for useful living such as they had little dreamed of in the period of adolescence.

Gen. J. W. Nesmith is perhaps the most notable instance of that character. Some of his friends have demurred at the picture he has drawn of himself in his account of the company which came across the plains in 1843. One part of them insist that he had viewed the field in Iowa and Missouri and having found there was at least one young man in those regions of greater capacity and force of intellect than himself, and like Cæsar, preferring to be "king pollywog in a puddle rather than second whale in the ocean," he struck out for Oregon, to become monarch of all he could survey, and more too; to forever subdue and Conklingize the region he knew would be the empire of the Pacific. Others, in searching for a motive for his coming, suggest that having heard of the great success which had crowned the efforts of the Methodist and Catholic missionaries in converting the Indians, and believing there was little to hope for in his case from the labors of the Iowa and Missouri divines, he concluded to cross the mountains and place his hardened heart under the droppings of the sanctuary in the Webfoot land. The poor success which attended the efforts of the missionaries, weary with their labors among the Indians, when they sought to soften the hard heart of the newly arrived immigrant is supposed to account in some degree for the vigorous thrusts made at the memory of these missionaries in the annual address of 1880. Whether either of these theories is correct I cannot decide.

But I do know, taking Gen. Nesmith's own theory to be the correct one, that his naturally vigorous mind and body were soon called into requisition by his fellow citizens, and since then as judge, as soldier and commander, as lawyer, as member of the provisional legislature, as a successful farmer and stock grower, as member of the U. S. House of Representatives, as United States Senator, as citizen, neighbor, friend, he has rendered service, the value of which cannot be measured by any human mode of computation, and the effects of which will be seen in the ever-increasing prosperity, glory and renown of this State in particular, and of the United States in general.

No man would undertake and prosecute to a successful outcome such a journey

as the emigrants of the "forties" did, unless he had energy, courage, perseverance and intelligence. In addition to these qualities, which may be grouped under the head of natural sense and vigor, most of the pioneers were possessed of a good moral character, and many of them were persons of religious fervor and devotion, who did not leave their religion east of the mountains nor forget that profession and practice should be consistent with each other. Crime was almost unknown. A little square log jail, which was built on the rocks in Oregon City between Fifth and Sixth streets, with the money obtained from the Young estate, large enough to hold three or four persons, was the only prison for several years, and it was almost always empty. I know as late as 1847 about its sole occupant was a man named Goodhue, who was subject to occasional spells of insanity, and was confined there for temporary protection to himself and his neighbors. The jail was finally burned and Goodhue got well.

The possession of these qualities is evidenced by the fact that these people at once began laying the foundations of society with a view to the future. Schools were established, debating clubs, lyceums and singing schools were formed, houses of worship were erected, farms were opened, homes built, mills put in operation, and commercial enterprises planned and inaugurated.

That these qualities were possessed in a high degree is also demonstrated by the fact that these same pioneers, who in the early organization of the provisional government, became the leaders of the people in the various departments of government and business, maintained their position and control in a very large measure after the great influx of people consequent upon the gold discoveries and even the building of the overland railroad. In the Legislature, on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in associations, grand lodges, conventions, conferences and convocations, in the constitutional convention and in congress, the pioneer element has been strong and vigorous and at times almost controlling. Nearly all our Supreme Judges have been pioneer members of the bar. Pioneer merchants and traders still hold sway in Portland and other cities and towns. And in the State Agricultural society how shall we get along when Bybee, Wait, Minto, Wilkins, Rinearson, Barlow, Clark, and a host of pioneer farmers and stock growers shall have passed into the shadows which separate the next world from this?

This brings me to another point in the thought of the hour; that such a grand, patriotic, intelligent and forcible race of progenitors would leave their mark upon the second generation; the children brought across the plains and those begotten in the land. Do these maintain the rank attained by their fathers and mothers in the various walks of life, and make improvement according to the better opportunities afforded them, or do they find themselves pushed one side,

or walked over by the young and vigorous life with which our State is being so rapidly filled and peopled from the older States and Europe?

While you stop to think of the answer to this question, names long familiar in the pioneer catalogue begin to repeat themselves in your presence, and you only have to look around you to realize that the daughters and sons of the pioneers have already deserved and secured a prominent recognition and place in the society and business and political organizations of these later years. In the scripture account of the pioneers who went out from the garden of Eden, and the worthies who afterward in the cradle of eastern civilization, obeyed the divine command to multiply and replenish the earth, many things are related of an ordinary nature, but the crowning glory of the career of each is embodied in the statement of the fact that "he begot sons and daughters." The same may be truthfully related of the worthies who came in the "forties" to this western shore. While in this free land we have no blooded aristocracy, and only glory in the true distinction which grows out of cultivated and sanctified intelligence and usefulness—the highest manhood and womanhood being that which connects the greatest knowledge and purest moral character with the most earnest endeavor to benefit and elevate mankind—still it is no mean inheritance to a young man or young woman in New England to be able to trace his lineage to the "Mayflower" company who planted on the bleak shores of New England the ideas and principles of government that shall dominate this continent. So I believe one, two and three hundred years from now, in this beautiful and glorious land of ours there will be thousands to have their ambition stimulated and their pride in true and patriotic and virtuous manhood and womanhood enhanced by the tradition that their ancestors came in the earliest days, in prairie schooners, on horseback and on foot to people and save this land for America and liberty; to plant here the highest civilization of churches, colleges, the common school and government of the people, by their own freely chosen men and machinery.

Will you bear with me a few minutes while I mention a few pioneer names that have lived or are now living in the second and third generations, already exhibiting force of character and culture that keep them in the front rank in the onward progress of the State?

First in our regard and reverence in the various departments of the State we usually place the judiciary.

The name of Waldo so familiar to us all, now honors and is honored by a seat on the Supreme Bench. John B. Waldo, son of Daniel Waldo, in a career at the bar of about ten years, attracted general attention by his quiet diligence, up-

rightness, devotion to his clients' interests, and his ability to understand and clearly state legal principles. Almost his whole life has been spent in Oregon. His education was in the common school and the Willamette University at Salem. At the general election of 1880, by the voice of a large majority of the people of the State he was chosen one of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I have little doubt that John received more than one pioneer vote because he was "the son of his father." His course upon the bench of the exalted tribunal where he sits, decidedly indicates that the people have made no mistake, and it is their good fortune that he drew the long term of six years. Of his associate, Judge Watson, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. I know that he is a son of one of the earliest settlers in the Umpqua valley, who was with me in the State Senate in 1866 and greatly impressed me with his good sense and genuine nobility of character. His son has justified public confidence as a safe counselor, a good lawyer and honest man, in several capacities, and in 1880 he was placed upon the Supreme bench. I am sorry Chief Justice Lord was born before he came to Oregon. I would be glad to claim so genial a gentleman, so gallant a soldier, so fine a lawyer, and so good a writer of judicial English, as one of our number. But then we pioneers cannot have everything. Hon. James F. Watson, of the Second Judicial District, is a brother of the Supreme Court Judge, was State Senator, one of the Supreme Court Judges, before we had a separate Supreme Court, and is now very popular and successful. Hon. Raleigh Stott, of the Fourth Judicial District, is a son of Samuel Stott, a pioneer of Washington county. Judge Stott took the full collegiate course and graduated at Forest Grove, Pacific University, read and practiced law some ten years and was elected District Judge in 1880. He is justifying the confidence of the people in that most important district, and giving good satisfaction to the bar. His plain, honest, unostentatious way of administering justice suits the pioneers. Hon. C. B. Bellinger, who was Judge of the Fourth District from 1879 to July, 1880, is a son of a pioneer settler in Marion county, near Jefferson. I believe his venerable mother still lives to be proud of him. He has occupied various public positions, as member of the Legislature, as reporter of the Supreme Court, and Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, with credit to himself, and to the satisfaction, in a good degree, of those who charged him with his responsible duties. He gave eminent satisfaction as a judge, and many citizens, opposed to his political views, voted to have him retained in political position. Judge Bellinger was reared and educated in Oregon from boyhood.

Hon. M. C. George, our Congressman elect, is from a pioneer family in Linn county. As State Senator and lawyer he won the respect of the people. He is of commanding presence, an eloquent speaker, and of excellent moral char-

acter. With care on his part he may have a brilliant future. And while noticing Congressmen, I may speak of Hon. Thomas H. Brents, lately elected for a second term as Delegate from Washington Territory. Mr. Brents "got his start" in the brush end of Clackamas county, in what is called the "hardscrabble" neighborhood, near by the "Needy" postoffice. His father in early days was County Commissioner of Clackamas county. Young Brents learned something in district school, was for a short time in college at McMinnville, Yamhill county, read law, practiced in San Francisco several years, and then settled in Walla Walla, where he acquired a good practice, and is highly esteemed. He is exceedingly industrious, bookish in his tastes, and one of God's noblemen—an honest man. As I came up yesterday an old pioneer friend from Walla Walla intimated that for an average member of Congress, Brents is a little too honest. If he lives, I expect to see him Senator from the soon to be State of Washington.

Hon. John R. McBride, who was elected to Congress in 1862, is a Yamhill boy. He made a good judge afterward in Idaho, and is reported to have a very fine law practice in Utah territory, where he now lives. I understand he is not a Mormon.

Hon. Lafayette Lane, son of the gallant old general, who was first Governor under the territorial organization, is an eloquent man, and made a good record during his two years in the lower house of Congress. He is one of the leading lawyers of Douglas county, and esteemed for his social qualities.

Hon. Richard Williams, son of Elijah Williams, served his constituents well for a term in Congress. His services as a lawyer are widely sought.

So far, we have had but one Governor from the second generation of pioneers. Geo. L. Woods was in the executive chair from 1862 to 1870. He is from a family which settled in Yamhill at a very early day. Woods is one of the most eloquent of living speakers, if eloquence consist in power to move and carry away an audience at will. His services are in constant demand as a speaker in political campaigns both east and west. He is living at San Jose, California, and interesting himself in building a railroad from Reno, Nevada, to connect with the Oregon system at some point to the southward of this.

An uniform system of public instruction for the children in public schools was early adopted by the Oregon pioneers. Their children still foster and protect it. Among our present State officers the young pioneers are represented by Rev. L. J. Powell, Superintendent of Public Instruction. He is a son of David Powell, of Powell's valley, Multnomah county. He was a student for a time in Willamette University at Salem, studied theology at some point in West Vir-

ginia, taught several years in the University at Salem and the Collegiate Institute at Albany, and was chosen to fill the important office he now holds in 1878. He is rendering valuable service of which the pioneers need not be ashamed.

In the legislative branch of the public service I may mention a few.

The first that occurs to my memory is Hiram Straight, Jr., son of Hiram Straight, Sr., of Clackamas county, whose name appears in the early records as a member of the provisional and territorial legislatures. Hiram, Jr., is a plain farmer down on the north side of Clackamas, but he is a great reader and investigator, and can make you a speech on any subject, from a spread eagle 4th of July oration to a dissertation on pre-historic man, or how to cure the "bots" in horses, on twenty-four hours' notice. He is a kind neighbor, a warm-hearted, honest man, and so well esteemed among the people that he was elected on a Democratic ticket in a county largely Republican, and made a valuable member of the Legislature 1876.

William Waldo is at present State Senator from Marion county. He is a man of excellent judgment.

George W. Holman, son of one of the missionary company which came from New York in 1840, was a member of the House of Representatives one term, practiced law some, then was an oil manufacturer, and is now in the drug business in Portland.

Tilmon Ford is now in the House from Marion county. He made a good record for active service.

Hon. T. A. Davis, of Portland, son of one of the earliest settlers in that city, served with distinction in the State Senate. He is a leading business man, and highly esteemed.

Hon. John Henry Smith, of a pioneer family, is now State Senator from Linn county. He makes his mark wherever he goes, and is a forcible public orator.

Hon. John T. Apperson, son of a widow lady who became the second wife of Robert Moore, a pioneer of 1840, has served with success two terms as State Senator from Clackamas. Mr. Apperson is a fine farmer, was sheriff two terms, steamboat captain several years on the upper and lower Willamette and has been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

This list might be greatly extended, if I had been allowed time to look over the list of members of the Legislature for the past twenty years. But I have only spoken of such as came to my memory as I write. Even now I think of Fenton and Galloway, two bright and pleasant young men from Yamhill, of

Hon. F. J. Taylor, equally bright and good, from the sounding sea at Astoria, and of my old chum, playmate, and fellow-traveler across the plains, E. T. T. Fisher, now a steady farmer in old Linn, formerly a member of the House from Clackamas. But I must pass to other callings.

Among the educators who have attained distinction I may name you a few in addition to Prof. Powell, of whom I have spoken; Lucy Ann Lee, daughter of Rev. Jason Lee, who was left here an orphan child when her father died in Canada, and was adopted, fostered and educated as their own child by Rev. Gustavus Hines and his faithful wife, became a teacher in Willamette University, after taking her degree of M. E. L. there. After some years' labor in that school she married Prof. Frank A. Grubbs, and they two together have been successful and useful instructors at Baker City in Eastern Oregon, and at Wilbur Academy in Douglas county. Very many young ladies will acknowledge in their mature lives the value of the services of this now sainted woman, who lately passed to her reward. Prof. Grubbs is of a pioneer family.

Prof. Thomas H. Crawford, the able and efficient City Superintendent of the public schools of Portland, is son of an early settler in Linn county. He taught in the Portland Academy and Female Seminary, then in the University at Salem, and afterward was placed in his present responsible place. He is a live man, conservatively progressive in his educational views and firm and sagacious in carrying them out.

Prof. D. C. Latourette, grandson of Rev. Ezra Fisher, who came hither in 1845, graduated at Forest Grove, taught with great acceptance as Professor of mathematics two years at McMinnville and is now reading law with Johnson, McCown & Macrum at Oregon City. He will be heard of hereafter.

Prof. Lyman at Forest Grove is a very bright and capable young man, and will make his mark if he will stick to his calling.

You will readily call to mind the names of pioneers' sons who have attained a good name and some fame as lawyers. Richard Williams and Lafayette Lane have already been mentioned. The silent grave encloses all that is mortal of some who in the outset of a career of brilliant promise were cut down in their youth. C. G. Curl, of Salem, was widely known and as widely admired, and looked to for great prominence. Chas. E. Warren, son of Hon. Henry Warren, a pioneer of 1847, who sits before me, full of years, of honors from his neighbors and friends, and still full of good works, seemed to spring to the bar with an intellectual force and professional vigor that would have carried him soon to the front ranks. Both these young men were called in the morning of life. But of the living I may name a few. W. Lair Hill is in the front ranks, a son of Rev.

R. C. Hill, the distinguished pioneer Baptist minister of the central portion of this valley; he was for a time sent to school at Corvallis and afterward at McMinnvillle. Without completing a literary course he studied law and entered upon the practice. Years ago he was County Judge of Grant county. Since then at Portland and The Dalles he has had a successful professional career. He has also attained some prominence as a newspaper writer, and while editing the *Oregonian* and other newspapers has succeeded, as all forcible men do, in making some enemies and some warm friends. As a lawyer he is courageous, keen and ready, always thoughtfully prepared and says enough for judge and jury to understand what he is driving at. He is not an orator. John Catlin, son of a Washington Territory pioneer, has for a number of years been considered one of the safe advisers by very many leading business men in Portland, and he has accomplished the remarkable feat of being for one or two terms a member of the City Council without being charged with selling his vote or putting through any jobs for needy friends. Of course he would not answer the purposes of any ordinary councilman and is not re-elected. Judge Wm. Strong has two sons, Fred and Thomas, fine, promising young men who will take care of their father's business when he retires. Benton Killin, ex-Judge Shattuck's partner, is a fine lawyer and may amount to something if he will ever learn to write. He is the son of a "Hardscrabble" also, pushed his way through school, studied law with me, and is getting fat and rich in Portland. I told him all I knew several years ago and tried to teach him to write, but failed. George H. Durham, a graduate of Forest Grove, and H. Y. Thompson, both are well-known attorneys and are sons of old settlers. Hon. F. O. McCown, a third graduate from "Hardscrabble" and "Needy," pushed his own way through school at the Portland Academy, taught school, studied law with Hon. O. C. Pratt in San Francisco, was captain in the army during the rebellion, and since 1865 has lived at Oregon City, been twice Mayor and practiced law with me there and in Portland. He continues his literary and scientific studies, and is a fine specimen of the Christian gentlemen, lawyer and citizen. He writes a little better than Mr. Killen, has a vivid imagination and fluent tongue. Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, at Astoria, is County Judge and President of the Chamber of Commerce. Julius C. Moreland is City Attorney of Portland and a good general practitioner. Fred V. Holman, Judge Advocate of the State Militia, whose father and grandfather came early, is a young lawyer of good promise. Such also are F. J. Taylor of Astoria, Oregon, Dunbar of Goldendale, W. H. Adams, son of "Parson Billy" of Breakspeare fame, W. D. Fenton of Lafayette, J. E. Magers of McMinnvillle, C. B. Moores of Salem, T. P. Hackleman of Albany, E. L. Eastburn, H. E. Cross and M. C. Athey of Oregon City, Glen. O. Holman of Baker City, and a number of others whose names do not now occur to me.

Among preachers, pioneers' sons figure somewhat prominently also. One of Elkanah Walker's sons has been a missionary in China several years; Franklin Johnson is a D. D. at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has traveled in Europe and the Holy Land, taken a degree at a German University, and is a leading man in his denomination in the United States; E. K. Chandler is at Saco, Maine; W. H. Latourette, a grandson of Eld. Fisher, has just graduated at Rochester, N. Y., and young Royal is preaching at Ohio. In Oregon Mr. Dennison at Salem, and others scattered over the country, are prominent among the Methodists; A. J. Hunsaker, W. H. Pruett, Bailey of Coos county, and others among the Baptists are pioneers' sons; P. R. Burnett of the Christians; P. S. Knight and William Capps of the Congregationalists, are men of note and influence.

Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D., President of the Pacific University, the Methodist institution in California, a fine preacher and distinguished educator, is an Oregon boy, educated principally at Salem.

As to poetry, have not Joaquin Miller and Samuel L. Simpson achieved a world-wide fame?

Among newspaper writers I will mention as most prominent Harvey W. Scott, chief of the *Oregonian* staff. Writing is his trade, and he wields a trenchant pen. This gentlemen also found "Hardscrabble" in Clackamas county a good place to move away from. Going to Forest Grove, he completed the classical course of study and took his degree. He is still bookish. But his work so far is on the *Oregonian*. He is a power. He has far more to do in moulding public sentiment in this State than any other ten men in it.

S. A. Moreland, another "Hardscrabber," is a fine writer and able man. He does much of the work in a quiet way that Scott gets credit for, and when the latter is absent or sick, the "leaders" come right along as usual, for Moreland is always there.

Mrs. C. A. Coburn and Mrs. Duniway, Mr. Scott's sisters, are both women of remarkable talent and excellent newspaper writers. Mrs. Duniway has attained wide celebrity as a speaker on various topics, but especially in favor of woman's enfranchisement.

In the art department, we have Clyde Cook, son of a carpenter at Salem. Mr. Cook has done some really excellent work, is now studying at Munich, in Germany, and will make his mark.

So already has Thaddeus Welch, son of Russell Welch, of Yamhill, who is now also in Europe for advancement.

Messrs. Parrott and Espy, of Portland, are deserving of mention, and with patience and experience will do honor to Oregon.

Mrs. J. DeVore Johnson has exhibited some excellent amateur specimens in water colors. This little woman has the honor of being the first of her sex on the Pacific Coast to win the degrees of A. B. and A. M., having passed the entire literary course prescribed in the Willamette University. She will yet excel in water-color, landscape and figure drawing. She is a daughter of Rev. J. F. DeVore, a Washington Territory pioneer of 1853, and is a graceful amateur writer and reader, as well as Mrs. Duniway's right-hand supporter in running the machinery of women's conventions.

Among steamboat men I might mention Captain Geo. J. Ainsworth, general manager of O. R. N. Co.'s boats; Captain Nat. Lane, Jr., grandson of General Lane, Captain I. B. Sanborn, of the opposition line on the Willamette; Captain J. D. Miller, of the Narrow Gauge line, and Captains J. H. D. and W. H. Gray, of the boats about Vancouver and Astoria, all pioneers' sons. And so is Joseph Paquet, the boss boat builder of the northwest coast.

A chapter might also be written of the exploits of Colonel Geo. B. Curry, Major Geo. Williams and Lieutenant McDorum Crawford, Jr., who hails from Yamhill county as his birthplace, in the army, and Roswell H. Lamson and F. C. Schwatka in the navy, and other pioneer boys, fit representatives of the vigor, intelligence and patriotism of their ancestors.

And so I might go on and tell you of the leading young men among the business fraternity, the physicians, mechanics, manufacturers, farmers, stock-growers and other associations, and you would find the pioneer boys and girls becoming men and women, holding their places in the van of progress.

Pioneers, Peter H. Burnett, as he stood on that log on the east side of the Missouri river in May, 1843, declared the truth when he said those who pushed their way across the mountains to occupy this country for the government would receive high honor in the pages of history for the accomplishment of their patriotic purpose. I consider it no mean honor to-day to be the first of the second generation in this Association accorded the privilege of voicing, in some feeble manner, the praise that is due you for laying on these green hills and along these fertile valleys so deeply the foundations of free government, of free schools, of higher learning, and the best civilization. The day we celebrate speaks eloquently of the new departure of diplomatic intercourse by compromise and arbitration, which must ultimately do away with standing armies and the horrors of war among civilized nations. But it should also resound with the praises due you, and those of your comrades who sleep the sleep of death in honored graves for the sacrifices and perils you endured to make possible the settlement of the controversy between the United States and Great Britain as it was made June

15, 1846. May you long live to enjoy the fruits of your patriotic endeavor in the new era of prosperity now at our doors, and may your children's children rise up and call you blessed.

And you will be glad to stop with me now to drop the tear of sorrow over the fresh earth on the graves of some who were with us a year since, but whose places are vacant now. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.

When I was a printer boy in the old *Spectator* office under Uncle John Fleming, the pioneer typo of the coast, I had the privilege of setting in type six or eight months after the happening of the events, the first news to the people of Oregon of the career of our soldiers in the Mexican war. How exciting it was! And how we hurrahed for the men who led our boys to victory! What a hero General Joseph Lane became to me you can well imagine. And when a year or so afterward that same great soldier came as the first Governor of the Territory, took up his abode near mine, and walked across the street to where I was milking my cows to shake hands with a strange neighbor boy, my cup was full. I had the privilege, with my brother, now in Cambridge, of helping to set up and print on that old wooden press of ex-Gov. Geo. L. Curry's his proclamation announcing the extension of the laws of the United States over the country. It was a dingy-looking sheet, but the best we could do with the means at hand. The many noble traits of this great man have been and will be touched by the pens of more competent men than I, but with you all I would cherish in memory his many noble deeds, and cover with the mantle of charity whatever we may not have approved. He certainly went down to the grave with no resentments cherished, and with many a prayer for the continued prosperity and happiness of all the people in our great country.

Gen. Joel Palmer has gone to his great reward. You all know him and honor his memory. He seemed to me greatest in his honesty and integrity. I will relate one incident showing what I mean.

At the time of the struggle over the election of United States Senator in 1866, he and I were members of the State Senate. When it became apparent that the Republicans could not elect ex-Governor Gibbs, the caucus nominee, some began to look around for a man who could unite the factions and carry away the prize. Among those named was Gen. Palmer. It was soon ascertained that the "bolters," as they were called, would vote for him, if the regulars would take him up. Gen. Palmer was waited upon in relation to the matter, but he at once called attention to the provision in our State Constitution prohibiting the election of a member of the Legislature to any lucrative office

during the term for which he was chosen. He was told the U. S. Senate had decided that such a provision did not apply to the qualifications of Senator. But Palmer said firmly: "No, I took an oath to support this Constitution; it applies to my conscience, and I cannot accept the office if elected." It was a severe trial of the man's integrity, but his was equal to the occasion. I may remark in passing that another living pioneer, Col. Thos. R. Cornelius, of Washington county, passed through the same crucible and came out unscathed. Such men are pure gold, and mention is fit for the encouragement of the same noble qualities in the young and rising generation.

Mrs. Cynthia Ann Applegate, first among the women who came to Oregon as a settler, faithful consort of Hon. Jesse Applegate, the sage of Yoncalla, is no more. Let him who has known her best and who is most afflicted by her demise, say what she has been and done. He speaks: "I have been stunned and stupified by this last blow Providence has dealt me, for it was wholly unexpected. We did not expect to be long separated, but we had made up our minds that I was the first to be summoned. Fifty years ago the 13th of last April we joined our earthly destinies together. In the true sense of the word in all these years she has been my helpmeet. She has been the chief comfort of my life, the sharer of my toils, and my consoler in adversity. She had strong good sense, a loving heart and a deep devotion to the right. She was a safe counsellor, for her untaught instincts were truer and safer rules of conduct than my better informed judgment. Had I oftener followed her advice her pilgrimage on earth might have been longer and happier; at least her strong desire to make all happy around her would not have been cramped by extreme penury. I have not been as good a husband as she has been a wife. In the day of prosperity I did not realize at its proper value the priceless treasure I had in a friend so faithful, devoted and true; it required adversity to prove the true gold."

Such praise from such a man is worth a life of devotion.

I have not time to speak further of Daniel Waldo, bluff, honest, and hospitable, and others of the early settlers—men and women who are with the dead. Green be their graves above them and ever green and fresh in our hearts be the memory of their noble lives.

Pioneers, Pioneers' children, settlers in Oregon old and new, you have a glorious heritage. If, in the discoveries of the olden time, the pilgrims' feet had first fallen upon the fruitful soil and in the genial climate of this favored land, many long centuries would yet elapse before the hardy pioneer would have pushed his way or have been pushed into the frozen and rocky fields of New

England or the bleak and stormy prairies of the north on the eastern side of the mountains and on the great lakes. A wise Providence ordered the law that westward the star of empire should take its way. And now the people are coming, and here, in less than the years that have built the great communities and States of the Atlantic side, will be the true and abiding seat of empire. But with this tide of prosperity and population come also dangers. The great corporations, with their immense capital and control of lines of transportation and travel, threaten us with a domination, compared with which the attempted monopolies of the old Hudson's Bay Company were as the little finger of Solomon compared with the loins of Rehoboam, his son, in the early history of the Jews. To guard against this, all parties and divisions of people must entrench themselves behind the settled doctrine that the people are sovereign, and that by their constitutions and laws they may and can regulate and fix the price of fares and freight, and compel corporations to do business for a fair and legitimate compensation.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Let us continue to build wisely, industriously and intelligently upon the foundations already so well laid, and the heritage left us by our fathers will remain sure and strong to the end of time.

JOURNAL

OF A VOYAGE FROM FORT VANCOUVER, COLUMBIA RIVER, TO YORK FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY, 1841.

BY GEORGE T. ALLAN.

CATHLAMET, October 23, 1881.

I have preserved the following journal in order to show our primitive mode of traveling long before steamboats or railroads were heard of in Oregon. The anniversary of my arrival at Fort Vancouver is on the 25th day of October, 1831.

As most part of the following journal was written while in boats upon the voyage, its readers will of course make all due allowances.

I left Fort Vancouver on the 22d of March, 1841, by the express, accompanied by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Ermatinger, McKinley, Payette, and Dr. Tolmie, in four boats, and twenty-eight men, chiefly Canadians. All the gentlemen of the establishment, as usual upon such occasions accompanied us to the river to see us start. Mr. Ermatinger, being the oldest clerk of the party, in the Company's service, the command of conducting the party, so far as he went, of course, devolved upon him. After a voyage of nine days, during which nothing worth recording took place, we reached Fort Walla Walla, 200 hundred miles from Fort Vancouver—river here three-fourths of a mile wide—situated in the midst of a sandy plain upon the banks of the Columbia, and in charge of my friend Mr. Chief Trader Pambuin, who received us most kindly, and presented us to dinner a couple of fine roast turkeys, a rather unexpected sight in this quarter of the world.

April 1.—Having arranged everything for my trip on horseback from Walla Walla to Fort Colville, I started to-day at noon, accompanied by a man, a boy, and an Indian, as guide, with a band of forty-six horses, the boats having gone off the day before with the other gentlemen, my object in going across land being to get ahead of the boats, and so gain time to close all the accounts at Fort Colville (about 700 miles from the Pacific by

the traveled route, and the last post on this side of the Rocky Mountains), before their arrival. As the country through which I now passed was all much of the same description, I may here mention that its general appearance was not particularly pleasing, consisting principally of hills without a stick of wood to adorn the summits or relieve the eye from the sameness of the landscape, which now presented itself to an immense extent. The surface of the ground, over which we rode at no tardy pace, was so covered with badger holes that it required the utmost caution to guide our riding horses clear of them. As for the light horses, we allowed them to look out for themselves.

After a ride of four days we reached Fort Spokane, an old establishment, abandoned some years ago, situated on the banks of the river of that name, in a beautiful spot. On crossing the river, which we did with the assistance of two Indians in a small canoe, I was very much surprised, when gaining the opposite bank, to hear my name distinctly pronounced by one of a band of Indians assembled there to greet our arrival; but on looking in the direction from whence the voice came, I immediately recognized my old friend, a young Indian chief called Garry, who had entered the Columbia with me ten years before. He had been educated at Red River, at the expense of the Company, and when I had known him was well clothed, and could both read and write. Now, however, the march of improvement had apparently retrograded, as he made his appearance wrapped up in a buffalo robe, *a la sauvage pure*. Having presented some tobacco to the Indians, I requested Garry to send for one of our horses which I had been obliged to abandon that morning, he being too much fatigued to come on, and to forward him to Colville; all of which he promised to do, and I have no doubt has already performed. N. B.—Upon my return from Hudson's Bay I found Garry had returned the horse.

The evening before our arrival at Spokane we encountered a very severe snow storm, but we were fortunate enough, that very evening, to find an abundance of wood, an article of which we had hitherto only procured a sufficiency to boil the tea kettle. We were therefore enabled to make a very large fire, and with the aid of my bed oil-cloth, to erect a kind of shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm during the night.

On the night of the 7th of April we reached Fort Colville about 10 o'clock, to my great pleasure, where I was received with the utmost kindness by my old acquaintance, Mr. Chief Trader Archibald McDonald, and his amiable wife. Being very desirous, if possible, to reach Fort Colville to-day (the 7th), I had ridden very hard—so much so, that another of our horses gave

in, within a few miles of the Fort. I had, however, no alternative but to ride hard or go supperless to bed, as our provisions were entirely out. This I do not regret, because it gave me an opportunity of proving the correctness of two old adages, viz.: Put a hungry man on horseback and he'll ride to the de'il, and keep a thing seven years and you will find a use for it. To understand, however, the allusion to the latter of these wise sayings, it will be necessary here to state that on leaving Fort Vancouver Mr. Ermatinger, a veritable John Bull, and our caterer for the grub department of the voyage, had prevailed upon Captain Brochie, whose vessel was then lying at Vancouver, to get made for us a couple of large plum puddings; and the said puddings, upon being tried on the voyage from Vancouver to Walla Walla, had been found wanting, not in quantity, but in quality, and until our arrival at the last mentioned post had lain neglected and almost forgotten. While seeing me equipped for the trip on horseback from Walla Walla to Fort Colville, Mr. Ermatinger had slipped in amongst my eatables a piece of those identical plum puddings. Being this morning therefore pressed by hunger, I had, I presume, dived deeper than usual into the recesses of my haversack, and finding poor Brochie I made, *sans ceremonie*, and cannibal like, a most hearty breakfast upon his remains. * * * As already mentioned, we reached Colville on the night of the 7th of April about 10 o'clock. For two hours previously we had ridden in the dark, through woods, across rivers, and over hill and dale, so anxious was I to reach my destination, not, I beg it to be understood, from the paltry motive of procuring a supper, but from the desire of gaining upon the trip of last year.

On the 25th of April, having received the last dispatches from Fort Vancouver, and having finished the accounts, I started, accompanied by Dr. Tolmie, with two boats and fourteen men, the other gentlemen having dispersed during the route to their different departments.

Fort Colville is a very neat and compact little establishment, and nothing I have yet seen in the Indian country can equal the beauty of its situation—placed on a rising ground in the midst of a very pretty plain, encircled by an extensive and well cultivated farm, the fields and fences laid out with a neatness which does credit to the taste of their projector—here and there a band of cattle to enliven the prospect, and at a considerable distance surrounded on all sides by high mountains, covered from the base to the summit with beautiful pines. Nor does the inside of the establishment yield in any respect to the exterior, for when seated at table with Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and their family, one cannot help thinking himself once more at home enjoying a *tele-a-tele* in some domestic circle.

After a voyage of ten days up the most rapid, and almost most dangerous part of the Columbia river, the country very rugged and rocky, we arrived on Tuesday, the 4th of May, at the Boat Encampment, which is the highest point that a boat or canoe can navigate the Columbia. We slept there and arranged everything next morning, Wednesday, the 5th, for our journey on foot and snow shoes. We now started about 10 o'clock A. M. Not finding any snow for the first few miles, we walked in moccasins, otherwise called Indian shoes, along the banks of the Columbia, when we entered the woods and found ourselves in a swamp, the water reaching above the knees. Our road leading that way, it was of course unavoidable. We therefore trudged along in no very comfortable trim for about two miles, when we again entered the woods, and finding deep snow, had recourse to the snow shoes. The Doctor and I were light, but the men were heavily loaded, and many of them having never seen a snow shoe, many and great were the falls they had. The snow shoe has a very *admirable* and peculiar quality—when one falls down it is no easy matter to get up again, and although I felt for the poor men, yet I could not altogether command my risibility, though it was, however, sometimes my misfortune to share the same fate, and Dr. Tolmie keeping me in countenance, we did not fail upon such occasions to laugh heartily at each other. The Canadians, of all nations, possess, perhaps, the best qualities for voyaging (at least in the Indian country), where we have to undergo, to use one of their own words, so much *misere*. However harassing their labor may have been during the day, they no sooner arrive at the encampment for the night, than having supplied themselves with an excellent fire and good supper, they commence joking each other with the greatest good humor upon the mishaps of the past day, and having now a tolerable knowledge of their language, I really enjoyed them, and now and then put in a word by way of encouragement, to keep up their spirits. I had almost forgotten to mention that my friend Dr. Tolmie is not only a temperance man, but a teetotaler, so that during our voyage from Vancouver to the Boat Encampment, I had no one to join me in a glass of wine or half a one of brandy, and having a good stock of each, I took a little now and then by way of not allowing teetotalism to carry the day, for although a temperance man, I shall never become a teetotaler—there is something so very unsocial in the very name; besides, the idea of a man's not being able to restrain himself without an oath, is absurd. Let me, however, state here that any one acquainted with Dr. Tolmie need not be informed that he joined the society from the purest and most disinterested motives, and God knows, not from any idea of his not being able to refrain from spirituous liquors.

I must now return to the woods, where I left some of our men struggling amongst the snow. We at last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, managed to emerge, and were fortunate enough to find along the river, a small spot clear of snow, where we encamped for the night. The Doctor and myself, having by our walk procured excellent appetites, we made as excellent a supper, after which I generally regale myself with a pipe and enjoy the jokes of the men. I must not neglect here to mention that I was now, for the time-being, obliged to join the ranks of teetotalism, we having left all our luxuries, tea and sugar excepted, in concealment near the Boat Encampment.

Having slept soundly until 3 o'clock in the morning, the voice of our guide, an Iroquois, calling out *lever, lever*, get up, get up, put us once more upon our legs.

Thursday, 6th.—Everything being now ready, and the men loaded, we started at four. It having frozen hard during the night, we found that we could travel without the snow shoes, our route lying along the river. We soon found, however, that though enabled to dispense for a time with the snow shoes, that we had a more disagreeable task to perform. We had scarcely walked a mile when we were obliged to plunge into the river, which we crossed seven times, and found the water exceedingly cold. At last, about 8 A. M., we once more reached the woods, and lost no time in consoling ourselves with a substantial breakfast for the hardships of the morning. Having rested the men and ourselves for three hours, we again buckled on our armor (the snow shoes), and marched to the attack, when we encountered greater disasters than we had done the day before, the snow not being sufficiently shallow to admit of our throwing off the snow shoes, and too deep and soft to permit our walking without them. About 3 o'clock P. M., we got once more clear of the woods, and encamped at the foot of a tree which we found free from snow.

Friday, 7th.—The weather clear and cold. At 3 A. M. we started, and proceeding along the river without the snow shoes, had nearly the same kind of route as the preceding day, only we were obliged to cross the river more frequently, and found, as we approached the mountains, the water still colder, so much so, that upon gaining the bank our leggins were stiff with ice. But a smart walk and a good breakfast at the base of the mountain which we had now reached, soon banished all remembrance of *misere*. The country through which we had traveled for the last three days had nothing in its appearance to recommend it to the eye of the traveler. The

river is upon both sides bound in by rather high mountains, wooded to the summits, which confine the view to the river alone. We now betook ourselves to the snow shoes and commenced the ascent, which we found very steep. We managed, however, to scramble up about half way, when we encamped. Soon after, one of our Indians, rambling about, fell in with two porcupines, and came back for a gun, which having received, and being joined by his companion, they went off and soon returned with their prize. Having made the Indians roast the porcupines after their own fashion, the Doctor and I tasted them and made the remainder over to the men. When in good order, they are excellent eating, but at this season they happened to be poor and very tasteless.

Saturday, 8th.—On raising camp this morning, we found the fire had entirely disappeared, having sunk during the night almost to the ground, and the snow was at least ten feet deep. Cold morning, with snow. Again commenced the ascent, which increased in steepness as we proceeded, and obliged us often to crawl upon all fours. The Doctor and myself took each our turn in marching ahead, not only in the mountains, but throughout the whole journey, a task by no means easy, as the snow shoe sinks much deeper before the track is formed, and retains upon it a great quantity of snow (when it has, as in the present case, lately fallen), which forces the foot dreadfully in a long journey, and often occasions the *mal de raquette*, or snow shoe sickness, which is exceedingly painful. We were both, however, fortunate enough to escape it. About 6 o'clock A. M. we gained the top of the mountain, and did not, certainly, feel regret at the achievement. The guide soon joining us, we made a large fire long ere the men arrived, almost worn out with their hard journey, which did not, however, prevent them quizzing each other as usual, and many were the tales of misfortune recounted. We had hitherto been fortunate enough to procure water for our tea. At this place we were obliged to content ourselves with melted snow as a substitute; the difference is but trifling.

Having refreshed ourselves, we again set out. Snowing fast, and from fifteen to twenty feet of snow upon the ground. Towards 4 P. M. we reached two small lakes and encamped. This place is called the "Height of Land," the Columbia river taking its rise from one of the lakes and winding its course to the Pacific; the river Athabasca from the other, and emptying itself into the Atlantic Ocean. The lakes, as I stated, are there, but at the season we passed, invisible, from the great quantity of snow. We had so far followed the course of the Columbia, and had been ascending. We now took that of the Athabasca, and began to descend. Dr. Tolmie tried the

height at this encampment, and found it 7000 feet above the level of the sea.

Sunday, May 9th.—We set out at the usual hour and walked till 7 o'clock, when we breakfasted. The walk of this morning we found equal to the toil of climbing the mountain, from the great depth and softness of the snow; and the Doctor and myself, going ahead, as usual, to beat the road for the men, we found the task anything but an easy one. To-day I saw a couple of white partridges, and went in pursuit of them, but without success. We now found, as we descended, the snow to get less deep, and consequently the walking less fagging, our route lying sometimes upon the river, and at others through the woods. At 12 o'clock, noon, after a march of five hours, upon emerging from a point of the woods, we fell upon the sands of the river—no snow—to the men a most joyful sight; and at the distance of two miles we expected to find the horses which are always sent from Jasper's House to meet the express and relieve the men of their loads. We now cast off the snow shoes for good and all, and bid them good bye with pleasure, although they had greatly befriended us. Upon our arrival at the place where we had expected to find the horses, we met with a sad disappointment—none were there! We found the horse keeper's lodge or hut, the remains of the fire, and the fresh tracks of the horses, so that he must have decamped not two hours previous to our arrival. Upon examining his hut very narrowly, we discovered a piece of wood upon which he had managed to draw, with charcoal, the figure of a moose deer, and marked sixteen strokes, from which, after various conjectures, we understood that he had been waiting for us sixteen days, and there being a scarcity of food for the horses, he was obliged to return to the next encampment, which is called the Moose Deer encampment. The men, poor fellows, were much cast down on arriving, as well they might be; but soon recovered their spirits on my informing them that next morning very early the Doctor, the guide and myself would start ahead and send them the horses. In the meantime we consoled ourselves by taking possession for the night of the hut, and found it very comfortable.

Monday, 10th.—We started at 1 o'clock this morning, I having left orders with the men the night before to get under way about the usual hour, and follow us at their leisure. After a very harassing walk of four hours (during which the grass did not grow under our feet), through a very rugged country, leading chiefly through thick woods, at one time up to the knees in water, at another in snow, we arrived at the Moose Deer encampment, but could find no horses. However, as we proceeded on, looking anxiously

from side to side, we heard the report of a gun. We also fired a shot, to which another immediately responded, and in about ten minutes afterwards a man and a boy met us on horseback and conducted us to their hut, where we found the rest of the horses and a fine fat goose, whose death had occasioned the report of the first gun we had heard. The hunter, a half-breed of the country, in about ten minutes had the goose spitted upon a piece of wood and roasting before the fire, *a la fashion sauvage*. It was then served up upon a pine branch, and certainly I never tasted anything of the goose tribe so good. But a long walk, such as we had had that morning, is excellent sauce—so good that we never once thought of salt, and bread, of course, was entirely out of the question. Immediately after breakfast I despatched the horse keeper and his boy, with all the horses, to meet the men and relieve them of their loads. Being joined by the party, we continued our route, and in the evening encamped along the Athabasca river.

Tuesday, 11th.—This morning betimes the hunter called me, saying it was time to start. I immediately ordered the men to get the horses ready, a task which they set about with great alacrity, rejoicing at the idea of their loads being transferred from their own backs to those of the horses. About 8 o'clock we called a halt and had breakfast. Our store of eatables being now so much reduced, that having finished that meal, there only remained a few biscuits and some tea and sugar, and not being able to reach Jasper's House before next day, it did not require a great logician to prove that unless we picked up something betwixt that place and the encampment, we should make but a sorry supper of it. I therefore, before starting, got Dr. Tolmie to make over the remainder of our ammunition to the hunter, whose prowess as a sportsman we had so lately experienced in the aforesaid goose (which by the bye he had killed with ball), telling him at the same time if he wished something for supper, that he would not spare his exertions. He had no sooner received orders than off he started ahead of the party, accompanied by the Doctor and myself (we being, as may readily be supposed, parties interested). During a ride of five hours, to the place of encampment, our hunter shot three partridges, a duck, and a pigeon, so that we made an excellent supper. It was soon after that meal, when sitting down to regale myself with a pipe after the fatigues of the day, a circumstance took place which caused great mirth amongst the men. The man whose duty it was to attend upon me during the voyage, a Canadian, came up to Dr. Tolmie, and, making a very polite obeisance, announced himself as a *chasseur* or sportsman—tho' I believe he had scarcely ever fired a shot in his life—and requested the loan of his gun. The Doctor

very good naturedly granted his request, telling him at the same time that he must load the gun, which he did, and started upon his hunt; and I, by way of a joke, called out to the rest of the men to have their kettles in readiness, for a renowned hunter had just gone forth, and might be expected soon to return with a sheep, abundance of which frequent the surrounding mountains. In about half an hour our hunter returned, not with a sheep, but with the important information that he had discovered a partridge, and had burnt priming at it, and that the bird still awaited him. The Doctor, suspecting that all was not right, drew the charge, and found that the gun was only loaded with *shot*—no powder. The discovery being made in presence of all hands, caused great laughter at the expense of our noble hunter. One of the men, in allusion to his having said that the partridge awaited him, requested he would extend his powers of attraction to a flock of geese just passing overhead, as his provisions were getting rather low. Numberless were the jokes cracked upon the occasion, and they ended in my naming the place *Le Campment Sans Poudre*—Encampment without Powder—and, I have no doubt, it will retain that name. The scenery for the last two days has much improved. We traveled to-day through a very pretty country and numbers of little plains, and being principally upon high ground, they commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country.

Wednesday, 12th.—Fine, pleasant weather. Had the horses caught at 3 o'clock this morning, and, seeing all ready, I set out ahead, accompanied by Dr. Tolmie and the guide; and after a smart ride of four hours we arrived at the tent of a fisherman and his family, situated in a most romantic spot upon the side of a beautiful lake, its waters so clear that I could see, from the hill where I stood, the bottom of the lake all over. On inquiring of the fisherman what success, he informed me that the preceding night he had killed with the spear one hundred white fish, part of which I desired him to send to Jasper's House, now distant only two miles. Upon our arrival there we received a regular Highland welcome from the person in charge, Colin Fraser, formerly piper to Governor Simpson, but now promoted to the charge of Jasper's House. Colin lost no time in asking us what we would have for breakfast, at the same time presenting his bill of fare, which consisted of moose deer's and sheep's meat, and white fish. To travelers like ourselves, who had the night before been obliged to hunt for a supper, there could be no choice. The white fish, however, being just caught, carried the day, and such a hearty breakfast did we make of it as would not have disgraced Richard Cœur de Leon when he fell foul of the pastry set before him by the fat friar.

Thursday, 13th.—We remained to-day at Jasper's House arranging the boats. Colin could scarcely, had he searched the whole Indian country, have found a spot to resemble more his own native Highlands—surrounded upon all sides by high mountains, frequented, if not by *laine*, at least by *wild* sheep, and at some distance a large lake, which yields most excellent trout.

Friday, 14th.—Fine pleasant weather. Immediately after breakfast, we resumed our travels, with two boats and ten men, and descended a long way down the Athabasca river. The banks of this river are very thickly wooded, and the current so extremely rapid that a boat can descend with ease in three days a distance which it requires fourteen to ascend.

Saturday, 15th.—We got under way this morning at 3 A. M. We had descended about four hours, when turning a point in the river, we discovered two moose deer about to cross at some distance below us. The men immediately stopped pulling, and allowed the boats to drive before the current. In this manner we had approached very near the deer, who, not perceiving the boats, took to the water, and proved to be a doe with her fawn of a year old. Now the chase commenced in right down earnest, and although there were no scarlet coats amongst us, I am sure there could not have been more ardent sportsmen. The moose, finding their retreat cut off from the south side of the river, swam with great speed towards the north. The doe at this moment received two shots, and, the boats coming up, a blow from an axe dispatched her. Leaving one of the boats to secure the prize, we made chase with the other after the fawn, and soon coming up with her, one of the men caught her by the ears, and, drawing his knife, cut her throat in regular Smithfield fashion. Such was the end of the two moose deer!—and the excitement of the chase being over, I could not but think of the sanguinary nature of man—and when I perceived the river died with the blood of the poor moose, I almost regretted the part I had just taken in their destruction. We now made for the shore, and making a large fire, endeavored to console ourselves for the late murder, if it may be so styled, with a breakfast of moose deer steaks, than which no meat, to my taste, can be better. Those were the first of the moose tribe that either Dr. Tolleme or I had seen, and we found them very interesting animals. The men having cut them up, we again embarked, and had descended but a very short distance when we started some geese from the sands along the shore, and one of the men, leaping ashore, brought us five of their eggs, and we picked up a good many afterwards, going along. We thus suddenly found

ourselves in a land flowing, if not with milk and honey, at least with deer, geese and eggs.

Sunday, 16th.—About 12 o'clock A. M., we arrived at Fort Assiniboine, and arranged ourselves to start with horses for Fort Edmonton. It had heretofore been the custom for the Columbians to receive provisions at Fort Assiniboine, to take them to the next post; but our success as hunters enabled us, instead of receiving provisions, to leave a portion for the people of the Fort, in exchange for which we received some potatoes and dried buffalo meat. Having secured the boats, by hauling them upon a high bank, for our return in the fall from York Factory, the property, now swelled up with fifteen packs of beaver skins we had brought from Jasper's House to fifteen horse loads, was all tied up ready for a start next morning.

Monday, 17th.—Early this morning, the horses being collected and loaded, we started from Fort Assiniboine with fifteen loaded and eighteen light horses, in all thirty-three, I having previously disposed the men so as to give each two four loaded horses betwixt them (to take charge of), and each a horse to ride. About 4 P. M. we encamped at a place called Larocque's Encampment.

Tuesday, 18th.—Started at 8 A. M., and marched till 2 P. M., when we arrived upon the banks of the River Pambino. This river being so much swelled by the melting of the snow in the mountains as to prevent our crossing, we were obliged to chop wood and make four rafts, upon which we managed to transport ourselves and the baggage, and encamped upon the other side.

Wednesday, 19th.—Before getting under way this morning, I found a note suspended to a branch in our road, addressed to the gentleman in charge of the Columbia Express, and upon opening it, it proved to be from Mr. Geo. McDougall, who had passed with a party of men and a band of horses, only about two hours before we reached the opposite bank, stating that he had left two rafts at my service; but they happened to be upon the wrong side of the river, and had we perceived his note sooner we could not have availed ourselves of them without swimming across, a rather unpleasant occupation in such cold water and swift current. We now pushed on as quickly as the horses could march, through a very rugged country covered with swamps and fallen timber, as I had some hopes of overtaking Mr. McDougall, with whom I am well acquainted. About 3 P. M. we got clear of the woods, and my horse, smelling those of the party ahead, began to neigh with all his might, and upon my giving him the reins, he lost no time in accelerating his pace, which in a very short time brought me in

sight of Mr. McD.'s party, wending their way slowly over a hill. Waiting now for Dr. Tolmie to come up, we both rode on swiftly ahead of our men, and took Mr. McDougall quite by surprise, he having had a full day's start of us from Assiniboine. Introducing the Doctor, I called a halt to await the arrival of those behind, it being now 4 o'clock, and the horses much fatigued. Mr. McD. rode off to inform his people where to camp, and soon rejoined us, to get the Columbia news and take supper. Making my man produce the wine, etc., we gave all the news of the west, and in return received those of the east side of the mountains. Dr. Tolmie stuck to his teetotalism, and would not join Mr. McDougall and me in a glass of wine. The latter gentleman rode off after supper, to sleep at his own camp.

Thursday, 20th.—This forenoon we breakfasted at Sturgeon river, and arrived at Fort Edmonton about 5 o'clock P. M., where we were received most kindly by Mr. Harriott, Chief Trader, and treated with an excellent supper of buffalo steaks. The country over which we have just passed, from Assiniboine to Edmonton, scarcely merits description, being composed principally of thick woods and swamps, with here and there a small plain to vary the uniformity of the prospect.

Friday, 21st.—Having picked out six of my best men and the guide, at Mr. Harriott's request, we once more abandoned the horses, and embarked in a boat, began to descend the Saskatchewan river.

Sunday, 23d.—We reached Fort Pitt, a small fort under charge of Mr. Alexander Fisher, and having received from him an additional supply of provisions, continued our voyage. In our descent of the Saskatchewan, nothing very interesting occurred. The country on both sides of the river is low, and plains of immense extent meet the eye in every direction, with strips of wood along the banks. The water of this river at this season is very thick and muddy, and produces the ——— when long confined to its use. At certain seasons of the year buffalo are extremely numerous along the banks. At present we saw none, but abundance of antelope, wolves, some red deer or elk, and black bears. Buffalo were so numerous last year that the hunters attached to Fort Edmonton alone killed four hundred head. The fort last mentioned is built upon the Saskatchewan, and is of great strength, having a balcony all round, with a bastion at each angle, in which are kept, always charged, a number of fire arms. There is also an observatory of considerable height, which commands an extensive view of the adjacent country. All these precautions are by no means unnecessary, as Edmonton is frequented by bands of Blackfeet, Assiniboines, and other lawless tribes, who consider it almost a duty to plunder and even

murder a white man when opportunity offers. Mr. Harriott, himself, who came to the country when quite a boy, and is much liked by the natives generally, being upon a voyage once, accompanied only by two men, fell in with a band of Assiniboines, to whom he was well known, and as it is almost a universal custom when we meet Indians to give them wherewith to smoke, he drew up his horse, and in order to get the tobacco from his pocket, laid his gun for a moment across his saddle. He had no sooner done so than an Indian snatched it up. Mr. Harriott was now defenceless, and his two men were in the same predicament, their arms being taken from them by force. To endeavor to retake them was useless. They therefore returned to the fort, too happy to escape with their lives; and had it been any one but Mr. Harriott, ten to one had they never returned.

Tuesday, 25th.—We reached Fort Carlton, in charge of Mr. Small. This fort is just a duplicate of Edmonton, upon a smaller scale. We were now again about to change our mode of traveling.

Wednesday, 26th.—Having disposed of all our superfluous baggage and provisions, Dr. Tolmie, myself, an Indian guide and three men, including a young half-breed, son of Chief Factor Pruden, mounted our horses and commenced our journey over the plains to Red River. Our route for the first three days lay through a very pretty country, a mixture of plains, woods and lakes, the latter abounding with wild fowl, a number of which we killed, and the plains with antelopes; but our time pressed too much to admit of our hunting them.

Saturday, 29th.—Very sultry weather, and no water to be had, except from stagnant pools, and to increase our *comforts*, the guide lost his way and kept us wandering backwards and forwards for upwards of three hours. At last he fell upon the track. During the day we perceived three buffalo, but at a great distance; and the guide, going a little ahead, saw two moose deer, at which he snapped his gun three times. Lucky for him they were not Blackfeet. The rest of the party, coming up, fired two shots, without effect.

Sunday, 30th.—To-day we came in sight of a very extensive salt lake, the borders of which are much frequented by buffalo at certain seasons. At present we only saw three bulls, and our time was too precious to go in pursuit of them. Our horses were also very much jaded, as we had ridden very hard all day in order to get to the end of the lake, no fresh water being found along its borders. We were so fortunate as to achieve our object, and enjoyed with great relish a glass of good cold water, than which, when a man is really thirsty, nothing can be more acceptable.

Monday, 31st.—This morning we commenced our journey, as usual, very early, and had traveled about twenty miles, when our guide once more got bewildered, to my great chagrin, as the dispatches I carried for Governor Simpson were already late. Having arrived upon the summit of a hill, the poor Indian, worn out with vexation and fatigue, asked my permission to smoke a pipe and recollect himself; which being granted, and the pipe finished, he again led the way, but in a totally different direction to that which he for the last few hours pursued. We of course followed, though doubting whether he was right or wrong. Towards evening we encamped, with our horses much fatigued, and uncertain with regard to the route. While at supper I despatched the guide to make a tour of discovery. He had not proceeded far when he fell upon a lake which put him again to rights, and he rejoined us with a smiling countenance.

Tuesday, June 1st.—At half-past three A. M., we raised camp. The guide and I being ahead, upon ascending a rising ground, we discovered a herd of about fifty buffalo cows with their calves. Calling a halt, I despatched the half-breed and guide to endeavor to intercept them, while the rest of us remained concealed with our guns ready for action, as it was most probable they would pass our way; but most unfortunately as they approached them the wind suddenly changed, and the buffalo scampered away at a great rate, leaving us to digest our perhaps over sanguine anticipations of beef steaks and roast ribs as we best might. This evening we reached Fort Petty, a post in charge of Mr. Chief Trader Todd, who had left a few days before for Red River. I found, however, his representative, Peter Sinclair, an old half-breed, in charge of the fort, who waited to receive us at the gate with his pipe in his cheek, arms folded, and hat upon one side of his head, evidently impressed, and no doubt wishing to impress us, with a high idea of his importance. I did not, however, at the moment feel in a humor to be awe-struck with our friend Peter's dignified demeanor (being vexed at the state of our horses), and therefore desired him *sans ceremonie* to provide us the means without loss of time to prosecute our journey. I here found a note addressed to me by Chief Factor Rowan, who had passed only four days before, informing me that he had left two fresh horses for our use, and hoping we might overtake him before he reached Red River, where the Columbia dispatches, of which I was the bearer, at all times looked for with anxiety, were doubly so this year, as Governor Simpson was about to visit that quarter of the Hon. Company's territories. We certainly stood in great need of fresh horses, for those we had been traveling with were wretched in the extreme; in fact, could we have only mounted Mr. Peter Sinclair as Don Quixote, and procured an equally good representative of his

man Sancho, nothing else would have been wanting upon our arrival at Red River, where wind mills abound, to have completed a most perfect likeness of that celebrated hero, as any one of our steeds might have well passed for a *Rosinante*. I had myself ridden for half a day on an old buffalo runner, out of one shoulder, who was so extremely well bred that when he felt inclined to lie down (which occurred rather too frequently), he would endeavor to get to one side of the road and lie down gently upon the grass. His sense of politeness, however, carried him no farther, for did you not immediately dismount he would roll over you without more ado.

Wednesday, 2d.—Bidding adieu to Mr. Peter Sinclair and his importance, we soon fell upon a narrow muddy river, in endeavoring to cross which some of our horses nearly stuck fast, and what would have been a still greater misfortune, the cussette containing the papers narrowly escaped getting wet.

Thursday, 3d.—Starting this morning as early as usual, we arrived upon a river both deep and rapid, which gave us some trouble to cross. We soon, however, fell upon the plan of rafting the provisions, etc., by means of the bed oil cloths, which we converted into a raft, drove in the horses, and swam after them.

4th, 5th and 6th.—Our route during those three days lay through a low swampy country, studded with woods and small lakes.

Monday, 7th.—We arrived this morning upon another very rapid river, over which we swam the horses and crossed ourselves and luggage in a sort of wooden canoe lined with two of the oil cloths. We had no sooner landed, and had just begun, upon the opposite bank, to arrange everything for a fresh start, when one of us, happening to look ahead, discovered upon a rising ground, descending toward us, a band of eight Indians, tall, fierce looking fellows, who we soon perceived to be armed, from the glancing of the guns in the sun as they descended the hill. As our guns were all scattered about, we immediately each secured his own and remained waiting the approach of the Indians, who we imagined might be *Assiniboines*; but fortunately they turned out to be *Santeux*, or it is not unlikely the recourse to our guns had not been in vain. I was not, I need not say, displeased to find they were *Santeux*, as I felt very anxious concerning the dispatches, besides we did not feel particularly anxious to fight, they being more numerous than our party, and, as Butler has it, "He that fights and runs away lives to fight another day." So much for the *Santeux* and our encounter with them, who, having received their pittance of tobacco, "took their road, and so did we." Towards evening we fell in with a hut of Indians, and

procured a large supply of eggs, viz.: goose, duck, and water hen or coot, which enabled us to make a comfortable supper.

Wednesday, 9th.—This morning, having got under way very early, we pushed the horses to a trot, determined, if possible, to reach the settlement next day. We had now trotted on till about 9 o'clock A. M., when we began to think of breakfasting at a small river now at no great distance, when we suddenly perceived a band of horses and cattle, and upon a nearer approach discovered people and a great number of carts and other paraphernalia, evidently the accompaniment of a party about to start upon a very long journey, who we immediately supposed to be some of the Red River settlers bound upon a pilgrimage to that land of promise, the Columbia; and upon our coming up, our conjectures proved to be correct. Having received the news of Red River, we in our turn dealt out those of the Columbia, to willing ears. The Doctor and myself were upon the point of sitting down to breakfast, when an invitation arrived from one of the principal settlers for us to partake with him of that meal, and certainly nothing could have happened more appropos, as though had our waiting-man possessed in perfection all the attributes of the never-to-be-forgotten Caleb Balderstone, he could not have garnished our table with more than pemican, of which we had now become thoroughly tired. On proceeding to the tent of Mr. Alex. McKay, for to him we stood indebted for the invitation to *dejeuner*, we found that his wife, a nice, tidy little woman, had laid out the table in great style, consisting of bread and butter, buffalo tongues and roast veal, flanked by a fine pork ham of stately dimensions. I need scarcely remark that we did ample justice to Mr. McKay's hospitable board, which seemed like a table spread in the wilderness for us. Breakfast being despatched, we bade adieu to our kind entertainers, wishing them a pleasant trip to the Columbia, and continued our route over beautiful and extensive plains.

Thursday, 10th.—I have hitherto refrained from stating the annoyance which we daily received from those mischievous little dabblers in human blood, the mosquito and the bull dog, or gad-fly, as it is a plague to which travelers in this country are always more or less subject. To-day, however, we felt rather indebted to than annoyed by that respectable insect, the gad-fly, as when our horses began to flag he invariably attacked them and spurred them on, or I question much whether we would have reached the Fort in the time we had anticipated. Soon after breakfast we reached the first house in the settlement, belonging to Mr. Belcour, a Catholic priest, who received us with great kindness, to whom I stated the miserably fatigued

state of our horses, and as we were still about thirty miles from the Fort, solicited his assistance in providing us fresh ones, and we did not solicit in vain. His reverence very soon procured us what we required, and it was high time, as upon coming out of the house we found our own poor horses lying down, saddles and all, just as we had dismounted. We again resumed our journey, with many thanks to the Rev. Mr. Belcour, and in about an hour and a half reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Cuthbert Grant, who would not let us depart without dinner, at which we had an opportunity of proving the quality of the Red River beef, in the shape of an excellent steak. Having dined, we proposed starting for the Fort, when Mr. Grant kindly tendered me the loan of his gig, by way of change, and his fine American horse, to drive to the Fort. Of course this was too agreeable a proffer to be rejected, we having by this time (our sixteenth day upon horseback), had *quantum sufficit* of that sort of exercise; and having, as we thought, during that time proved our equestrianship beyond a doubt, had no wish whatever to show off before the good lieges of Red River. The Doctor and I had no sooner taken our places in the gig, and I had taken possession of the reins and whip, and which I am sure no Jehu in the Strand could have done more knowingly, we set out, and having got safely round the angle of a fence (against which, by the by, *in spite of my dexterity in managing the reins*, we had nearly run foul), we found ourselves in the high road to Fort Garry. Mr. Grant's American is of first rate metal, a single shake of the reins being sufficient to put him to a hard trot, at which rate we continued until we reached our destination. During the drive we passed through beautiful green plains, alive with herds of cattle, horses and sheep, and, upon each side of the road, neat whitewashed cottages, with gardens and fences, laid out with great taste.

Upon our arrival at Fort Garry we were kindly received by Chief Factor Finlayson (the same gentleman whom I accompanied formerly to the Columbia), and the rest of the gentlemen. By Mr. Finlayson we were introduced to Sir George Simpson, Governor in Chief, who had arrived from England on that morning, and Sir George introduced us to Lords Mullgrave and Caledon, and a Russian gentleman, who had accompanied his Excellency to Red River—their Lordships in order to enjoy a buffalo hunt, and the Russian to accompany Sir George to the Columbia, and from thence to Russia. Having delivered the dispatches to the Governor, we retired to have a view of the Fort, which we found to be extremely neat in all its arrangements, the house and stores laid out with great regularity, the whole surrounded by a well built stone wall, ten or twelve feet in height, and a bastion of stone at each angle. In fact, from whatever side the approach

is made, the effect is striking, and leads one to believe that there will be comfort within the walls; which a day's trial at Mr. Finlayson's table will not fail to realize, even to a more fastidious appetite than mine. On Sunday I accompanied the other gentlemen to church, where we had a good sermon from the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, whose congregation looked very respectable.

June 24.—In company with Mr. Chief Trader Gladman and Dr. Tolmie, I started in a bark canoe for York Factory, a voyage of ten days, during which, when not wind bound in Lake Winnipeg, we traveled at the rate of seventeen hours per day; and on one occasion we started at half-past nine o'clock P. M., and went on till half-past seven the following evening. I mention this to give some idea of light canoe traveling, which, of all kinds, is by far the most severe upon the men. On the 30th we reached Norway House, the place where I had passed my first winter in the Indian country, and here I found Mrs. Ross, who looks upon me as one of the family. On the same evening Mr. Ross arrived from Red River, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Evans and his daughter. I soon discovered that an absence of ten years had made great changes at my old quarters. Instead of living all the year round upon white fish, as in days of old, Mr. Ross produced a dinner, a better than which I have seldom seen beyond the Rocky Mountains. The Rev. Mr. Evans, who is Chief Superintendent of the Methodist Mission, resides with his family at Norway House, and has established a school there for the purpose of educating the Indians; but it has not yet been long enough established to enable one to predict respecting its success.

July 4.—We arrived at York Factory, where I had the pleasure of drinking tea with Mrs. Hargrave, a lady just come out from Scotland last year; and when seated at table could not help thinking myself once more across the Atlantic, enjoying that beverage with some of my own dear friends.

Wednesday, July 14.—Having arranged and brought all the accounts connected with the Columbia to a close, I embarked with Chief Traders Messrs. Harriott and Manson, and a young gentleman, a Mr. Petty, clerk, upon my return to the Columbia; but as I have already endeavored to give some account of my voyage out, I shall only, should anything remarkable occur upon our return, take notice of such an event, in order to avoid repetition.

A GALLOP THROUGH THE WILLAMETTE.

BY GEO. T. ALLAN.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

Before commencing an account of a trip through part of the Willamette, it may be well to premise in a few words the circumstances which led to it. I arrived at Vancouver on the 30th of October, 1841, with the express from York Factory, where I remained only about a fortnight, and had begun to make my arrangements for passing the winter there, where I had already passed the preceding nine, when, on the evening of the 19th of November, Sir George Simpson sent for me to his room, and acquainted me, much to my surprise, that he had appointed me to the Sandwich Islands, for which place I should shortly sail on board the Hon. Company's barque Columbia, Captain Humphreys.

Having many little items to settle before leaving Fort Vancouver, I was very late in retiring to bed, and had only slept about an hour when a messenger from Sir George awoke me, saying that he requested my company upon a visit to the Willamette. If I had been surprised at the news of my appointment to the Sandwich Islands, I was now doubly so; but one is so apt to receive sudden and unexpected orders in this country that he in a manner holds himself in readiness for such emergencies. I therefore huddled on my clothes without more ado, giving orders to ship my trunks on board the Columbia, as she would drop down the river before our return.

Chief Factor Douglas had been appointed to accompany the Governor upon his present tour, but had been taken unwell during the night, when that duty devolved upon me. I now set about in earnest to collect our men and see the baggage carted down to the river, when we started about 5 o'clock A. M., in a boat manned with sixteen picked men, who, of course, did not neglect to enliven our departure with some of their best songs; nor did the Captain of the Columbia forget to add his quota to the harmony by a salute of five guns, that awoke all the good folks of Vancouver.

Besides Sir George Simpson, Chief Factor Rowand and a French gentleman honored the excursion with their presence.

About six miles down the Columbia we entered the river Willamette which has a noble appearance, being in some places nearly as broad as the Columbia.

About 9 o'clock, Sir George requested me to look out for a place for breakfast, which to one upon the voyage is generally an agreeable task. That meal being over, we resumed our seats in the boat and continued the voyage, when we reached the falls at 3 P. M. At this place, which is extremely romantic, we made a portage, carrying all the baggage and dragging the boat a considerable distance. The American Methodist Missionaries have here established a station with the avowed intention of teaching and civilizing the natives; but, I am sorry to say, hitherto with little success, those laudable objects being frustrated partly through the extreme stupidity of the Indians, and partly from, I may say, the extreme selfishness of the Missionaries, who devote more attention to their own wordly comforts than their professions warrant.

About four hours' march above the falls we encamped for the night, and had the good fortune to find a comfortable berth for both the tents.

Saturday, 20th.—We started this morning at 4 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock reached the house of Mr. Laframboise, when we engaged his services as guide, and he promised also to furnish horses for the trip. These arrangements being made, we returned to the Sand Encampment, some little distance below, where we breakfasted, and were visited by some of the nearest settlers, who brought horses for our use. At midday, Laframboise swam over a band of horses, and finding we now had sufficient for our purpose, we mounted, and, accompanied by Mr. Laframboise in his capacity of guide, set off at a round pace, passing on the way several houses and farms, apparently well arranged. The face of the country, as we rode along, appeared to disadvantage, owing to the season of the weather; but is undoubtedly a fine country, and will one day become an extensively settled one.

At 2 o'clock we entered upon a beautiful and extensive plain, in which the Catholic Church is the most conspicuous object. Here we paid a short visit to the Rev. Mr. Blanchet, and then continued our route through woods and plains, studded with stately oaks. About 4 o'clock P. M. we reached the mansion of the Rev. Jason Lee, head of the Methodist Mission, situated in a very beautiful spot, where he has lately erected a saw mill—this gentleman's house being the most remote in the settlement. After a very short stay, we commenced our return, and had rode about an hour and a half, when night overtook us, a circumstance that appears to have been as unlooked for as it was unexpected by our guide, who therefore soon lost the

road and got completely bewildered. We kept riding about in the dark for four hours, with the hope of discovering a light in some of the houses, which we expected surrounded us. In this dilemma, our horses began to fag, and left us the comfortable anticipation of passing the night in the woods. At this moment, when we had almost given up all other thoughts, we heard the welcome bark of a dog, and steering our course in that direction, soon perceived a light, which led us to a small house, the inmates of which we took quite by surprise. The good man had that day killed a large pig, which, added to himself and family and their unexpected guests, so filled his domicile that there was scarcely room to stir. We made a demand for fresh horses, and were fortunate enough to procure them, and also a new guide, Laframboise readily confessing his inability to guide us in the dark. We now made a fresh start, and at half-past ten reached the house of Joseph Gervais, one of the principal settlers, where we found our tents pitched and a good supper awaiting us, to which we all did justice, with the exception of our French friend, who, although accustomed, as he had informed us (while in California), to ride 60 leagues, or 180 miles a day, found, if I am not much mistaken, Sir George's mode of traveling sufficiently expeditious. Gervais did not fail to contribute his share of good things to our supper, which repaid us for all our troubles.

Sunday, 21st.—After breakfast we again set out, though the weather was disagreeably wet, and arrived at the Catholic Church at 10 A. M., where we found all the Canadians assembled, with a display of horses that would have done credit to a much more ancient colony. After service, the Rev. Mr. Blanchet regaled us with an excellent dinner. In the meantime, some of the most respectable of the settlers waited upon Sir George, tendering their respects, and offering their services and assistance for the continuance of our tour. They were thanked for their attention, and informed that the Governor was much pleased at finding them so well and comfortably settled. I, however, availed myself of their proffers, to take possession of a very spirited and high mettled horse, which carried me back in fine style to the Sand Encampment, where we found our men awaiting us. Mr. Blanchet followed in his light cart, accompanied by the 180-mile gentleman, who confessed his being thoroughly tired of horseback, and availed himself of the opportunity to abandon his nag and embark with His Reverence.

Monday, 22d.—We now resumed our seats once more in the boat, with the addition of Mr. Blanchet, at 4 A. M. At 8 o'clock we reached the falls, and while the men were making the portage, we breakfasted, and afterwards paid a visit to the American Missionaries, whom we found very com-

fortably situated. On parting from the falls, Sir George requested me to order the men to paddle up close to them, where we got an excellent view, and really the sight was magnificent. Having gratified ourselves with this fine sight, we turned our faces towards home, descending the current at such a rapid rate, with our sixteen paddles, and a cheerful song, as quite electrified our Missionary friends. About 6 o'clock in the evening we arrived at Fort Vancouver, where I immediately commenced my preparations for a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, during which, should anything interesting occur, I may probably add to the foregoing trifles.

May 22, 1868.

At the date of the Willamette trip, Oregon City had only one small log house to boast of, and Portland was yet in embryo.

GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

(From the *Daily Oregonian*, April 21, 1891.)

BY JUDGE MATTHEW P. DEADY.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest."

General Lane is dead! The brave old soldier and genial gentleman is no more! The hero of many a hard fought field and daring adventure has lain down to rest!

He breathed his last at Roseburg at nine o'clock on the evening of the 19th instant, in the midst of his friends and descendants to the third generation. His illness has been of short duration and his death may be characterized as simply the natural termination of his mortal life. For some weeks he has been satisfied that his end was drawing nigh, and cheerfully and resignedly preparing himself for the event, has approached his grave—

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

To his old friends and comrades throughout the country he has written his kind farewells, and for some weeks his closing life and coming death have colored the thoughts and conversation of many a household in Oregon.

Joseph Lane was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, on December 14, 1801, and his life was almost coeval with that of the Government of the United States.

In his early life, his father moved to Kentucky and thence to Indiana, where he lived until 1848, engaged much of the time in boating and trading to New Orleans. He was several times elected to the Legislature of that State—the first time when he was scarcely of age.

At the commencement of the Mexican War, he volunteered his services, and was appointed a Brigadier General, and afterwards was brevetted a Major-General. He distinguished himself at Buena Vista, where he was severely wounded.

From thence at the close of the war he held a comparatively independent command, operating in central Mexico, upon Gen. Scott's line, during which time Lane's brigade became famous for its daring and activity, and he himself acquired the sobriquet of "the Marion of the Mexican war."

Gen. Scott had a high opinion of his services and ability. At San Francisco, in October, 1859, the writer witnessed a meeting between them. Gen. Scott was on his way to Oregon to compose the San Juan difficulty and Gen. Lane was on his way to Washington as Senator. Upon the approach of the latter Gen. Scott at once rose up and cordially grasping his hand, said, "How are you, my old friend and fellow soldier?" To which Gen. Lane quickly and happily replied, "General, my career as a soldier was a brief one, but I had the honor of serving under the greatest general of the age."

Upon the passage of the bill—August 14, 1848—organizing Oregon Territory, Gen. Lane was selected by President Polk as a suitable person to entrust with the governorship of this then far off and unknown country. At the urgent solicitation of the President, he accepted the position and in the following winter crossed the continent to California by the southern route, in company with Major Joe Meek and a small military escort, and reached Oregon City March 2, 1849—pulling an oar in his boat much of the way from Astoria.

At Oregon City he was heartily welcomed by the people far and near, who saw in him and his presence the realization of their long cherished but oft deferred hope of congressional aid and protection.

On March 3d he wrote and published his proclamation announcing his arrival and set the machinery of the new government in motion on the very last day of his friend Polk's administration. The proclamation was printed by the late Gov. Geo. L. Curry, then editor and publisher of the Free Press. His career since then has been in Oregon, and is well known to the early settlers.

After eighteen months of arduous duty in the Gubernatorial office and as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, he resigned his office to his successor, and went to the mines of Northern California, where he worked as a miner during the winter of 1850-1. In 1851 he was triumphantly elected Delegate to Congress, where he was continued by successive re-elections until the formation of the State government, when he was elected to the Senate—taking his seat in that body with the admission of the State into the Union, on February 14, 1859, where he remained until the expiration of his term, on March 3, 1861.

From Washington he returned to Oregon, where he has lived ever since—most of the time in comparative retirement on his farm among the picturesque hills of the Umpqua.

In 1860 he was on the Presidential ticket with Breckenridge, for the office of Vice President.

During the heated controversy which immediately preceded the war of the Rebellion, Gen. Lane was by nature, education and position, an ardent friend of the South, and what he conceived to be its constitutional rights, and took his share of the rancor and ill-will which usually grow out of such contentions and conflicts. But these have been long since forgotten by him; and it is not often that one who has played so long and prominent a part in public affairs, in troublous times, goes down to his grave with more good will and regard than Joseph Lane of Oregon.

In August, 1853, there was a sudden and severe Indian outbreak in Rogue river, which struck terror into the scattered mining camps and sparsely settled valley. As soon as the news reached the Umpqua, Gen. Lane left his unfinished home and hurried to the scene of action. There he organized a volunteer force and pursued the Indians into their mountain fastness, and compelled an engagement on Battle creek, on August 24th, which resulted in a permanent peace. In leading the charge, he was shot through the same shoulder that was wounded at Buena Vista.

On the 11th day thereafter—Sunday, September 4th—the writer was present when the white and Indian chiefs, Joseph, the former, with his arm in a sling, and the latter in a toga that would have done honor to a Roman senator, met on the side of the mountain over against Table Rock, in the presence of half a dozen white men and hundreds of Indians, agreed upon the terms of the treaty.

Lane was emphatically a man of the people, and gave his life to their service with a devotion that few can feel or appreciate.

With him politics was an honorable struggle for position and power for public ends and purposes, and not for public gain. Accordingly, he lived honestly and died poor.

In his intercourse with others self was always a secondary consideration, and he seldom failed to inspire a lasting regard for himself.

A distinguished cavalry officer, who served under him as a volunteer in Mexico, has since said of him—"The men of his brigade loved him, and a tender chord could always be touched by speaking to them of him."

When the history of this country is written, Oregon's first senator must occupy a prominent place in it. He was a man of more than ordinary ability—generous and affable—brave and gallant—a lover of women and a friend of the helpless—and take him all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

In his grave are buried the memories of the frailties incident to human nature and the asperities of life's hot conflicts; and the passage of time will but brighten his name and enhance his renown.

MEDARE G. FOISY.

BY WILLARD H. REES.

To fulfill a somewhat ancient agreement, it becomes my duty to place upon record as best I may a few words in memory of M. G. Foisy, a practical printer, and first one of the art who set type on the Pacific Coast north of the Mexican Republic. Mr. Foisy and Charles Saxton, Oregon's first printers, crossed the plains in 1844. Saxton returned with Dr. White to the States the following year, published a journal of his trip across the plains, with a description of Oregon and a short-sighted view of the importance of the country claimed by the United States on the North Pacific Coast. In 1845 John Fleming and N. W. Colwell, veterans of the art preservative, crossed the plains, and the following year W. P. Hudson. These three last named pioneer printers were successively the first printers on the first paper, the *Oregon Spectator*. W. P. Hudson, a native, I believe, of Boston, was one of nature's noblemen. He printed under date of February 1, 1847, the first English spelling book published on the Pacific Coast; went to the California gold mines in the fall of 1848. After spending considerable time in work and prospecting, he found a rich gulch, from which in a very short time he realized \$21,000 and returned to Oregon, but did not remain long until he took passage for San Francisco, and died at sea, off the mouth of the Columbia, in December, 1850. With all the above named good fellows, time has ceased to be.

In presenting this sketch I will ask to be pardoned for deflecting from the line usually followed in biographical sketching, and give briefly a few circumstances which preceded and lead to my first acquaintance with our deceased friend, M. G. Foisy.

Returning from Havana, Cuba, in May, 1842, I met at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, a descendant of Col. Auguste Chouteau and Mr. Menard, both natives of St. Louis, Missouri. A few days later found myself on board the steamer Alex. Scott, Swan, master, in company with the above named gentlemen bound for St. Louis. After a very enjoyable passage, occupying $5\frac{1}{4}$ days and costing \$15 passage, the writer for the first time stepped on the wharf of an

inland city, more than 1,000 miles by river from the sea. Yet when we take into consideration this great distance from tide water, St. Louis for natural resources of wealth and commercial advantages had no parallel in the United States or any other land. The day following our arrival, in company with Mr. Chouteau, called at the office of the *St. Louis Republican*, then the leading Whig paper of the Far West. My object was to see John Corse, a printer who had been reared by my father in the State of Delaware. When my parents left that State for the vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1825, the boy Corse, then about 15 years of age was put to the printing business, and had a few years prior to my first visit to the then western border of civilization, wended his way to that city of the plains. The writer was first introduced to Mr. Chambers, editor and proprietor of the *Republican*, and finally to a young Canadian, Mr. M. G. Foisy, who, two years later, crossed over to Oregon, and from the time he entered the Territory until the day he died was a worthy representative of the French-Canadian element on the North Pacific Coast.

Mr. Edmond Mallett, of Washington, D. C., who visited Oregon a few years since, and who is engaged in compiling a work on the French element in the United States, also a work on Oregon, has said in corresponding with the writer, "the early Canadians of the country as a class were considered as almost unworthy of notice until Mr. Lyman C. Draper recognized their claims to historical importance in the admirable Transactions of the Historical Society of Wisconsin." Nothing is better known to the student of our pioneer history than the fact that the great valley of North America, extending from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico was explored and the older cities were settled by the French. Scarcely a fortified camp or hamlet reared in the unbroken wilderness along the lake shores and from the head of the *La Belle Riviere*, the mighty Mississippi, and the wild, turbid river of the plains, but what were of French origin. It is also true that over much of this vast region drained by the Father of Waters, have the Spaniard, the Frenchman, and Briton held the ruling rein, but at last the world's young giant reaps the ripening corn.

St. Louis, one of the younger of the early French villages, but now hoary with more than a century's years, became the fortified home of the husbandman and rendezvous of the voyageur and trapper soon after the site was selected by M. Laclède in 1763. In February of the following year, Col. Auguste and Pierre Chouteau arrived on the site of the embryo town with a large company of settlers from St. Genevieve, Cahoki and old Fort Chartres. Laclède, the intrepid founder of the city, died at the post of Arkansas in 1778, and his associate, Col. Chouteau, at St. Louis in 1829.

● During two months pleasantly and profitably spent in the summer of 1842 at

the old city, that had so long been the grand rendezvous of the voyageur and trapper of the mountains and plains, I visited all the old French villages on either side of the river in that vicinity. On one of our excursions among the many groups of ancient mounds then to be seen, commencing in the northern suburb of the city, our little party was enlivened by "Quebec," who was selected as commissary for the occasion, carrying his well selected stores in a champagne basket. This was the pet name by which Mr. Foisy had been knighted by his brother typoes in the office, and to which he always cheerfully answered. Driving past several large mounds within the city limits, one of which had been utilized as a mount for water works, the party first called a halt at the base of one known as the Big Mound, which we found to be more than 30 feet high, 150 feet long, gradually tapering to a level walk-way 6 feet wide on the summit. From this mound continuing in a northerly direction were many groups of tumuli in close proximity stretching along the river bluffs for several miles. Who were the builders of those huge, enduring monuments of clay? More than a hundred generations we are told have lived, and like autumn leaves returned to Mother Earth, since first the dark shadows of old Egypt's pyramids were reflected by the annual inundations of the Nile. But where is the savant or medium who can tell us in what age of the world, or the story of the people who reared those mighty earth-works of American antiquity? How vain the attempt to solve the mystery that enshrouds a race, who only to themselves were known and who, for untold centuries, have ceased to breathe the breath of life. Like all the tribes of men who lived in the primitive ages of the race, they left no trace of their former existence more legible than those wonder-begetting tumuli which they reared throughout the central valleys of their ocean-bound home. Peopled as were all other lands, yet even the existence of this mighty continent remained unknown to the inspired, or any other writers for countless ages after those Mound Builders had flourished, died and were buried beneath accumulated centuries, whose number can never be known.

"Ye mouldering relics of a race departed,

Your names have perished; not a trace remains;

Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears

From the green bosom of your native plains."

I will not further trespass upon the patience of the reader, in this connection, than to say: For more than half a century after the founding of St. Louis, the Catholic faith prevailed almost exclusively, and down to the time of which I write, many of the public and benevolent institutions of the city were under the control of that church, while among her worthy and most opulent citizens were numbered the Soulards, Cabennes, Menards, Spary's, Prattes, Choteaus,

and many other prominent French Canadian families, all of whom were well known to Oregon's mountain men and many of her earlier pioneers.

Here in this old French city, built upon the ancient ruins of an unknown people, forty years ago, I first grasped the open, generous hand of M. G. Foisy, in whom thence forward through all the years that he lived I found a true, unwavering friend. Medare G. Foisy was born in Quebec, Canada, in 1816; died on his French Prairie farm June 11, 1879. He descended from an old and highly respected family of that Gibraltar of the new world. His father was a leather dealer in affluent circumstances, and gave his son a practical business education in the French schools of his native town. At the age of 16 he was sent for a short time to an English school in the State of Vermont. It was his father's wish that his son should learn the tanning and leather business in which he had prospered. Accordingly young Foisy was for 18 months kept at work in the tannery and store, neither of which proved congenial to his taste. His mind was intent on learning the printing business, and at the age of 18 he was apprenticed to the trade. The business of the office was conducted exclusively in the French vernacular, while he longed for an opportunity to improve his English, and having a friend and townsman at work on the *Louisville Journal* at the falls of the Ohio, accordingly on attaining his majority and receiving from his father a small sum of money he crossed the border in the spring of 1837, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked for a short time; then joined his friend at Louisville, working for two months in the *Journal* office, and from thence in the fall of the same year went to St. Louis, entered into an engagement with his life long friend, Mr. Chambers, editor of the *Republican*, with whom he remained until the close of 1843, when he surrendered his case to prepare for the overland journey to Oregon. Father Joset with two other Jesuit fathers left St. Louis early in the spring of 1844, for the Rocky Mountains. With this party Mr. Foisy traveled to the Flathead country, and from thence to Mr. Spalding's Nez Perce Mission at Lapwai. Here in the early fall of 1844 he was engaged by Mr. Spalding to put in working order the little printing press, the pioneer of the North Pacific Coast, and on which he did the first printing for the Nez Perce Mission, consisting of school books, portions of the New Testament and hymns, all in the Nez Perce language, from copy by Mr. Spalding. This was the first printing performed by a practical printer west of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Mexican Republic. The *Oregon Spectator* first appeared in February, 1846, and Sam Brannan's little proselyting *Yerba Bunea Star* was first seen at the village of Yerba Bunea, as San Francisco was then called, nearly two years later. It is common for such brilliant little luminaries like the *Star* to be short-lived, but contrary to the usual fatal cause it is the only one of which I ever heard that died of a surfeit of gold.

Mr. Foisy reached French Prairie in December, 1844, and the following spring was elected a member of the Legislative Committee from Champoege county, (now Marion) which convened at Oregon City, June 24, 1845. It was at this session that the amended Organic law was drawn up and passed, authorizing the election of a Governor instead of the old Executive Committee. The Legislative Committee then adjourned for one month in order to submit the proposed system of government to a vote of the people, and which they adopted by a majority of 203. Mr. Foisy served during the remainder of this adjourned session being the first under Gov. Abernethy's administration. He was also a member of the first annual session under the re-organized government, which convened December 2, 1845. With regard to the ancient agreement alluded to at the beginning of this writing permit me to say: On Sunday, August 17, 1845, Mr. Foisy being at Oregon City, in his legislative capacity, he and the writer took a stroll on the bluff east of the City of the Falls. After a half hour's walk along the open ways among the stately firs of the forest, our pathway led to a camp of the natives, who were loudly bewailing the loss of a young brave. "See there!" he exclaimed, "what a wonderful contrast have we experienced in all our surroundings in this change of home from the Old to the New West. Looking from the eastern shores of this continent, who but a Bryant could have so truly described these wild surroundings from afar,

"Lose thyself in the continuous wood where rolls the Oregon—
Yet the dead are there."

As we turned from the sorrowing scene, Mr. Foisy continuing, said: "While we are yet within the sound of these lamentations, I desire to make this solemn agreement with you. If I should be so unfortunate as to die among these grand old mountains and wild men of the forest, I want you to write an obituary and send it to my long cherishing friend, the *St. Louis Republican*. But if you should be first to fall, I will as in duty bound pen the facts connected with your demise, and forward them to the *Cincinnati Gazette*."

After the close of the first annual session of the Legislature under the new Oregon Republic (for such it was), Mr. Foisy expressed to the writer his determination to return to St. Louis to remain two years. He longed to renew those endearing associations that linked him to the friends of other days. So in the spring of 1846, with the expectation of going by the way of Nicaragua, he joined a party going overland to California, which he found to be a dangerous road to travel on account of hostile Indians, from Rogue river to the head of the Sacramento valley. The party had one man killed, and several wounded. On reaching California his homeward journey was for the time abandoned, for here he met the northwestern limits of the Mexican War, in which he took an active

part in the Sacramento valley and the country in the vicinity of the bay. He accompanied a troop sent by Capt. Fremont to open communication with Monterey, where Commodore Sloat had previously hoisted the American flag. But I have not the space at my command to follow him through these eventful years of his life; let it suffice to say that, as a soldier, interpreter with the land and marine forces operating on the southern coast of California, or in discharge of his duties as Alcalde at Monterey and his labors on the first English paper published in the place, these duties were discharged with honor to himself and fidelity to those whom he served. Soon after peace was declared in February, 1848, Mr. Foisy, still anxious to reach St. Louis as early as possible, sailed from Monterey on the ship *Aneta* bound for Central America; the vessel putting into the harbor of San Blas, Mexico, and while there the port was blockaded; here he was detained until taken off under protection of the American flag by Capt. Bailey, of the U. S. Navy, and returned to Monterey, where he found many of her citizens and others returning from the newly discovered gold mines, a majority of whom were sick. Mr. Foisy remained in Monterey most of the time until after the election of delegates to form a State Constitution, to be presented to Congress asking admission to the Union. He made a gallant fight for freedom and humanity in that election, which under the circumstances does great honor to his memory. This was the bold, unflinching stand which he took, as he had before taken in the Oregon Legislature, against the spread of an institution designed to force a race of men and women down to a level with the beasts of the field. Mr. Foisy spent the fourth year of his California life at work in the mines, returning to Oregon in the fall of 1850, bought a farm near where Gervais has since been built. He married in 1859 the widow of Louis Vondal and became one of the leading farmers of the French Prairie country. He leaves a wife and three daughters well provided for. Mr. Foisy was reared in the Roman faith, but in middle life his views were somewhat modified, choosing to be governed by obedience to the dictates of conscious duty, rather than any ceremonial forms, whether of latter-day origin, or prescribed by those who lived in remote and less enlightened ages of the world. He was perhaps not mentally more liberally endowed than are the average of men, yet he fought with strength and unyielding courage for liberty against human oppression, under all its assumed names and forms. Medare G. Foisy, as known to the writer under the ever changing vicissitudes of life, was a frank, true, and generous man.

What wonderful changes have been wrought in the lifetime of the first generation of Anglo-Americans, who formed an isolated settlement in this ending west. There is no parallel to be found in this new world that will compare with the settling of Oregon. No community of people, men and women,

whether they were advanced in life or young in years, either in war or peace, who have stood more firmly united or left a better record of frontier life than have the pioneers, who in the early years pitched their tents on the Pacific Shores. Nobly have they done battle in defense of liberty and substantial truth, the factors in chief that have broken the power of ancient superstitions and raised our race above the cruel barbarities of the untutored tribes, whose sachems and prophets claiming miraculous power had, down through the ages, played the tyrant over a weak and deluded people.

The writer knew many score of those brave, generous pioneers, when they were strong in health and full of hope; yea, while yet in the morning starlight of youth and early manhood; long before their sun of ripened maturity had reached its meridian power, but where are they now? The few who remain let us hope are wisely enjoying the afternoon of life. How natural in our lonely musings to cast the mind's eye back along the pathways that lead to the old cabin homes, where, in the morning of life, oft have we joined the cheerful circle and together sang, "Let our joys be one;" but when we ask where are they now? memory whispers, they are gone.

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestern;
The monarch may forget the crown,
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles so sweetly on her knee;"
But I'll remember you, my friends,
True friends that you have been to me.

JOSEPH C. GEER, SR.

At twelve o'clock on Saturday, August 27, 1881, Joseph C. Geer, Senior, died at his home in Clackamas county. The funeral took place Monday afternoon at the family burial ground near his farm, and was attended by a large concourse of friends. Hon. Willard H. Rees delivered the following address, which we deem such an excellent tribute to the memory of deceased that we copy it from the Oregonian:

"Friends and Fellow-citizens: Again have we assembled upon this well-chosen eminence, made sacred by these tombs of departed friends, to perform a solemn duty which the living owe the dead. We who now look upon this open sepulchre, behold the last resting place of all that is mortal of Father Joseph C. Geer, Sr., who, at midnight's hour, on the 27th of August, 1881, surrendered his life to the God of his fathers, and his body returns to the earth from whence it came. Full of years, coming down to us from the last century, and after having fought a good fight for liberty, righteousness and truth, he expired at the old homestead yonder by the river side, at the venerable age of 86 years, 6 months and 22 days. It is rare, indeed, in these times that we have an opportunity of fixing our eyes upon one like the venerable deceased, whose span of life linked together the administration of all the Presidents of the United States. While no former period or like age has been so productive of great results, through scientific investigation, or by the study and invention of means for the application of natural laws, as were the years in which he lived—marking an epoch in the history of human progress unparalleled in the past—an epoch introducing changes that have completely revolutionized the old methods of labor, triumphed over space, and in a very conclusive manner swept from the pathway of reason and truth much of the superstitious mysticism that enslaved the public mind in the ages that have gone before.

"Mr. Geer was a native of Windham county, Conn., born February 5, 1795. He remained with his parents on the farm until reaching his 18th year, and soon thereafter volunteered in the defense of his country, serving in the late war against Great Britain. In grateful remembrance of the service of those who perilled their lives in defense of our rights and national honor, Mr. Geer's name

was a few years since placed upon the pension roll of the surviving veterans who answered their country's call in the war of 1812. Leaving the tented field when peace was restored, he returned to his parental home, and at the age of 20 years married Mary Johnston, a native of Rhode Island. In 1818 he removed to freedom's favored home, the old northwest territory, located in Madison county, Ohio, where for 12 years he was a successful farmer. Then joining again the migratory throng in its irresistible march to the fast receding border of civilization, he could have been seen in the fall of 1840 admiring the unsurpassed beauties of a new found home on the broad prairies of Western Illinois. But prior to the building of the railroads throughout the great interior country, the people were without a remunerative market for their produce, and farming was but little more than an irksome routine of unrequited labor. For this reason he was not long satisfied to remain in a country so remote from the sea while there yet remained far away at the ending west, a wild, unsettled land whose shores were laved by the waves of the grandest ocean of the globe. So, in 1847 Mr. Geer completed the overland journey from ocean to ocean in the springtime of life with his young wife Mary, who sleeps here by his side. They had commenced together 30 years before.

"Our departed friend was endowed with a clear, thoughtful mind, having been much devoted to reading, but had the misfortune a score of years ago to lose his sight, yet through his great native energy and power of self-control, he bore himself manfully till the evening's lengthening shadows closed over the landscape of life.

"Father Geer leaves an aged widow, his third, with seven sons, four daughters, and his line of descendents, all residing on the Pacific Coast, number 150 souls. Leaving his Atlantic home at the age of 23, he spent nearly 64 years among the pioneers of the great Northwest, taking an active part in the stirring events that have given to civilization the late vast wilderness extending from the Mississippi valley to the land's end in the west."

"Mr. Geer was, in the best sense of the term, a truly religious man. Having walked in faithful obedience to the requirements of conscious duty, the "Golden rule" was beautifully exemplified in his every relation of life, as husband, father, neighbor and friend, in the practical observance of this most ennobling of life's duties he was as unwavering as the polar star. He lived and died in the belief of one fatherhood and one immortal destiny for all the sons and daughters of men. On this most charitable faith he leaned his head and breathed out his life serenely there. It is truly a source of great comfort to know that throughout a long and laborious life, he wore upon an unsullied brow the insignia of honest worth, the brightest jewel in the crown of life. Since the death of Capt. L. N.

English, which occurred in 1876, Mr. Geer has been the oldest person whose name is recorded on the register of the Oregon Pioneer Association. Bowed down by the weight of nearly a century, his weary head will henceforth rest on the bosom of her who is the mother of us all. Thus time, like the flow of these limpid waters at the base of these green clad hills, bears us on year by year, and generation after generation to the ocean of eternity, where 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' How consoling to be assured in heart and mind that the all-sufficient laws which control life, growth and destiny were most wisely fixed, beyond the puny power of mortal man to change.

"Farewell, father, patriot and fellow-pioneer. Wheresoever repose the souls of the departed generations of earth, there also, in peace and harmony with the laws of eternal truth, shall thy spirit abide forevermore."

A PIONEER GONE.

A LONG AND EVENTFUL LIFE ENDED.

DIED.—At his home near Butteville, Oregon, August 28, 1881, Joseph Carey Geer, Sr., aged 86 years, 6 months, and 23 days.

Joseph Carey Geer, Sr., was born in Windham, Connecticut, February 5, 1795. At the age of eighteen years he enlisted in an artillery company then being raised for the war of 1812, by Captain Hibbard. The company was stationed at New London. His father was stationed at the same place in another company, at the time of the burning of that place.

After the war he worked on the farm summers and taught school winters, until 1818. In the meantime he married Mary Johnson, and, to use his own words, "I found after working hard from daylight till dark for over three years, I could never make anything on that poor worn out land. I concluded to go to the far west, as Ohio was then called, and on the 10th of September, 1818, with my wife and two little tow-headed boys, less than \$100 in money, a few yards of fulled cloth, a light wagon and a light team, I bid farewell to the old Geer farm and joined a company of about forty, Burnham's, Hathaways and Howards, and crossed the mountains into the Mississippi Valley, being the first Geer to venture so far west, as far as I can learn."

He outlived all that company of over forty but his two sons, R. C. and F. W. Geer. Landing in Ohio he settled in Union county, and taught school two winters, and worked by day's work the balance of the time—was such a good hand he could always get work, but wages were only \$8 per month in Ohio at that time.

In the spring of 1821, he leased a piece of land of Gen. McArthur, near where Woodstock now stands, for six years. In 1822 he sold that lease and took another on the same terms, about three miles from that, in Union county, on Big Darby. He built the house, fenced the land, and raised two crops; but he and his family were taken sick in July of both seasons, and remained sick until November of each year, and in December, 1824, he left the Darby plains and took another lease of six years in Madison county, and in about six years

bought the best farm in that neighborhood, and lived on it twelve years. He was a great lover of fine stock of all kinds, and always kept the best that could be obtained in the country. When he went to Madison county he was \$300 worse off than nothing, caused by sickness, but in four years he was called pretty well off in that country. In 1840 he sold his farm in Ohio and with his children went to Knox county, Illinois, where he bought a farm, built a fine house and barn and otherwise improved it until 1847, when he again sold out, and came to Oregon.

He had a very hard trip across the plains. His wife had been very sick with winter fever in Illinois, and on the plains she had a severe shock of palsy which made her nearly helpless, and being a very large woman, it would have worn out an ordinary man to lift her in and out of the wagon. She died a few weeks after arriving at Butteville. On June 24th, 1849, Mr. Geer married Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, mother of Mrs. Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem. She bore him three sons, and died March 14, 1855. On June 6, 1856, he married Mrs. Mary Strong, who survives him. He had his eyes operated on by a quack, who pretended to be an oculist, for cataract, and has been totally blind for 25 years. He leaves seven sons and four daughters, viz.: Hon. R. C. Geer, Fruit Farm, Marion county; T. W. Geer of Clackamas county; J. C. Geer of Portland; Mrs. J. W. Grim of Hubbard; Isaiah Geer of Chico, Cal.; H. J. Geer of Cove, Or.; Mrs. R. V. Short, of Clackamas county; Mrs. Elizabeth Kent of Portland; Mrs. John Kouse of Clackamas county; Lucien Geer of Butteville, and Joel Palmer Geer of Butteville, with their families, numbering in all, children, grandchildren, and down to great-great-grandchildren, 167.

He was a fond husband and an indulgent father. He always governed himself by the Golden Rule. In religion, a believer in universal salvation.

REMINISCENCES

OF FORT VANCOUVER ON COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON, AS IT STOOD IN 1832, AND
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S FARM THERE AT THAT
PERIOD; THEIR MODE OF TRADE WITH THE INDIANS, AND PERSONAL
RECOLLECTIONS OF DOCTOR JOHN MCLAUGHLIN AND
OTHERS BY A THEN RESIDENT OF THAT PLACE.

Extract from a letter written in 1832 from Fort Vancouver to a firm in London.

"Fort Vancouver is situated on the northern bank of the noble Columbia, which about ninety miles below, falls into the Pacific. On the east side of the Fort there is beautiful plain, great part of which is under cultivation and about sixty miles further to the eastward we have a splendid view of Mount Hood, which is covered with snow more or less all the year round. To the north the country is thickly wooded, but now and then relieved by pretty small plains, two of which we have cultivated, though one of them is about six miles distant. The Fort itself is surrounded with high stockades and consists of a Governor's house, stores, an office and houses for the gentlemen who conduct the trade. On my arrival at Vancouver I was appointed Indian trader, entered the Indian shop, and was left alone to deal with the natives as best I could. I soon, however, acquired sufficient knowledge of their language to enable me to trade with ease. The mode of trade is simple; there being a regular tariff comprising all the articles in which the natives deal; blankets forming a main item. Liquor we never sell them; and to ammunition they are confined to a certain number of loads; in fact, I consider the Company's manner of dealing with the Indians strictly just and has gained them the influence they possess in the country; as, should a native commit a murder on one of their people, which is sometimes the case, the company do not pursue vengeance indiscriminately upon the tribe of the criminal, but follow up the individual until he pays the penalty of his crime with his life.

Having served my probation to the Indian trade, about a twelvemonth, I was next placed in charge of the farm, which consists at present of about seven hundred aeres of land under cultivation, and we raise in great quantities peas, bar-

ley, Indian corn, buckwheat, wheat, oats and potatoes. The garden produce is apples, peaches, some grapes in front of the Governor's house, and all sorts of vegetables. There are a threshing mill, flouring mill and saw mill, the two last about six miles above the Fort. The lumber is exported to the Sandwich Islands. My duty as Superintendent of the farm consists mainly in seeing the wishes of the gentleman in charge of the establishment carried into effect, and I am therefore almost constantly on foot or on horseback during the day. The two tribes of Indians in our neighbourhood are called Chinooks and Klikitats. The Chinooks support themselves by fishing and the Klikitats by hunting."—End of extract.

Doctor John McLaughlin, who was in charge of Fort Vancouver in 1832 and for many years afterwards conducted the whole of the Hudson Bay Company's business of the Columbia District, as it was then called, has since become a kind of celebrity in Oregon, and merits some description both of person and character as he appeared to me at that period, 1832. The Doctor indeed in personal appearance was a man once seen not easily forgotten; he was over six feet, well and powerfully built, with a commanding countenance and, generally, long flowing grey hair, which greatly added to his striking appearance, which even the Indians noted by calling the white-headed eagle—old man Doctor. Doctor McLaughlin was born in Canada, of Scottish ancestry, in what year I am not aware, but his Grandfather immigrated to Canada. The Doctor although a true Canadian used to tell anecdotes of old Scotland probably furnished by his grandfather; one I can remember of a certain Highland Chief, who was in the habit of carrying a yellow cane and of drumming the unwilling of his clan to church with it, so that it came to be called the religion of the yellow stick. I suspect the Doctor kept this story in good remembrance by the way in which he made the men attend divine service at Vancouver. Dr. McLaughlin was a man of strongly marked characteristics and, like many generous tempered men was somewhat passionate, but as said of a celebrated man, Fletcher of Satton, the passion was no sooner on than it was off, and the doctor always regretted any thing of that kind and endeavored to make up for it by kindness to those whom he might have offended. He assisted very materially the early immigrants to Oregon, as will be vouched for by many of the oldest American settlers. Dr. McLaughlin, take him all in all, was an excellent man, and his memory by those who knew him will long be respected. His likeness was painted in a very life like manner by an American artist, Mr. Stanley, and is, I believe, still in his possession.

Among other clerks in the Company's service at Vancouver in those times was rather a curious compound, Thomas McKay, or Tom, as he was generally called, a half breed son of that Mr. Alexander McKay, who came out in the

Tomquin to Astoria and from thence sailed to Puget Sound and was cut off by the Indians, as described in Mr. Washington Irving's *Astoria*. Tom had remained at Astoria, and so escaped his father's fate. He was an original in his way and amused us young fellows greatly by the tales of his wonderful escapes and feats among the Blackfeet Indians into whose country he had led many a trapping party. Tom with a rifle was a dead shot, but in telling a story he often drew a long bow and almost invariably introduced one with "it rained, it rained, and it blew, it blew," and frequently in his excitement would throw in by way of climax to his tale, regardless of all consistency, "and my G—d, how it did snow." I regret now that I kept no note of Tom's tales, which I can recollect were very amusing and lost nothing in his way of telling them. He was very young when out in the Tomquin, but I can well recollect his details of the passage and loss of life on the Columbia bar. He was a very good and amusing personage. Peace to his ashes.

Another man of note at Vancouver in those early times and who with Mr. Douglas, afterward Sir James Douglas, Governor of British Columbia, succeeded Dr. McLaughlin in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's affairs in Oregon, was Chief Factor Peter Skein Ogden, native of Canada, who had passed many years in the Indian country. Mr. Ogden bore the reputation of having been a pretty wild youth before leaving Canada and carried his love of fun and frolic with him I may say almost to the grave. One of his tricks played at home was, as I have often been told, and played, too, on his own mother, was to send notes to all the midwives in Montreal asking them to repair to the house of Mrs. Ogden at a certain hour, greatly of course to the astonishment and indignation of that lady. Mr. Ogden possessed considerable ability as a writer or literary man and wrote some very interesting sketches of his adventures in the Indian country, which I perused in manuscript and partly copied for him in 1849. I believe they were afterwards published, but I have never seen the book.

During my earliest years at Vancouver our intercourse was almost entirely confined to the Company's people when in, I think, 1835, Captain Wyeth of Boston, arrived with his party across the plains; an excellent man and duly appreciated by us all. When he returned home he sent out a keg of choice smoking tobacco, with a handsome letter to the gentlemen of Bachelor's Hall, as we called our smoking room. The doctor and he became great friends and corresponded for many years afterwards. The doctor was fond of argument, and especially on historical points connected with the first Napoleon, of whom he was a great admirer, and often entered into them with Captain Wyeth, and upon one occasion which I well remember he happened to be dressing my hand which I had lately got hurt, and when in the height of debate on the Peace of Amiens he treated my poor hand so roughly that I heartily wished Napoleon

and the Peace of Amiens far enough. To show how attentive the doctor was to every matter appertaining to strangers and which he conceived might involve the honor or reputation of the Company whom he represented, I may here mention that a young American gentleman, Mr. Dwight of Salem, Mass., having crossed the plains and been rather imposed upon by the Hudson Bay Company's then agent at Fort Hall by having to leave his rifle in deposit for provisions supplied him there, complained or rather spoke of the matter to me, then at the Sandwich Islands. I wrote and explained the case to Dr. McLaughlin, who immediately sent orders to Fort Hall and had the rifle forwarded to Mr. Dwight free of all charge, and I had the pleasure of returning it to him.

The months of June and July were generally a busy time at Vancouver, when from the 1st to the 10th of June, at which season the Columbia is high, the Brigade of Boats, as they were called, descended from the interior with the furs and carried back the winter supplies. Then the men composing the crews, principally Canadians, Iroquois and Half-breeds, would be indulged, after their long abstinence, with an allowance of liquor, pork and flour, as a *regale*; then would come the tug of war, with many bloody noses and black eyes, but never with any fatal result. After the departure of the boats, the Snake party of trappers would arrive, headed by Mr. Work, who had then succeeded Mr. Ogden, formerly mentioned as leader of trappers into the Snake and Blackfoot countries, often a perilous undertaking, as during my time at Vancouver those parties have returned with wounded men, and left several killed behind them. The mode adopted with the trappers was to furnish their supplies at a moderate rate, and allow them a fair price for their furs. A large beaver skin, so far as I recollect, was eleven shillings sterling. The horses and traps were also furnished them, and on being returned, placed to their credit. A good hunter often made it a profitable business, and many of those men were the first settlers in the valley of the Willamette, who when they began to raise wheat the Company received it, and gradually, as settlers increased, dropped their own farming at Vancouver. All trapping parties were accompanied by an officer of the H. B. Co., who regulated the encampments, kept accounts, etc. Mr. Work, an Irishman by birth, a kind-hearted and generous man, often amused us by his murder of the French tongue, but the men generally managed to understand him. On one occasion Mrs. Work, who also spoke French, left her husband in the tent in charge of the baby, who, becoming rather unruly, tried the patience of its father, who asked his wife on her return where she had been, when she laughingly replied that she had been looking for a beau, to which Mr. Work rejoined in French, *si vous choisissez les garcon apporte toujours le petit avec vous*, and which meant, when you again look for a beau, pray carry the baby with you.

The business of the Hudson Bay Company is conducted on a regular system throughout. When a young man enters the service as a clerk, his wages are small for some years, but he has no expense except in clothing. The salary, should he conduct himself well, is increased from year to year until it reaches £100 sterling, when he becomes eligible to a Chief Tradership, a partner in the concern, and from thence a Chief Factor. Their system in regard to the trade with the natives is much the same on the east as it was on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, only with this difference—that the Indians on the east side are allowed outfits like the trappers, in the fall, and bring in their returns of furs in the spring.

In the fall of the year 1832, the fever and ague was very prevalent at Vancouver, and at one time we had over 40 men laid up with it, and great numbers of Indian applicants for La Medicine, as they called it; and as there was then no physician at the Fort, Dr. McLoughlin himself had to officiate in that capacity, although he disliked it, as it greatly interfered with his other important duties, until he was himself attacked with the fever, when he appointed me his deputy, and I well remember my tramps through the men's houses with my pockets lined with vials of quinine, and making my reports of the state of the patients to the Doctor. It proved, therefore, a great relief, both to him and to me, when the annual ship arrived from London, bringing out two young medical men, Doctors Gardiner and Tolmie, one of whom was immediately installed in office at Vancouver, and the other despatched to the northwest coast, where the Company had lately established several forts.

One rather curious, and, as it turned out, laughable reminiscence of my doctorship, as it now strikes my memory, I may state here: One day, in making my rounds to the numerous patients, I paid a visit to a half-breed Kanaka boy, and handing him a vial of quinine mixture, pointed with my finger to how much he was to take at one dose, but the fellow, mistaking, swallowed the whole concern at once—eight or ten doses in one. I was a good deal alarmed for a time, but need not have been, for he soon got well, and never had the ague again as long as I remained at Vancouver.

The Indians in 1832 were still numerous, and used to assemble near the Fort on Sundays and dance in rings, a sort of religious ceremony, accompanied by singing, and as there were no Handels nor Mozarts amongst them, the music was anything but charming to a delicate ear.

The fever and ague first broke out on the river in 1829, and as there happened then to be an American ship in the Columbia, of which Capt. Dominis was master, the Indians superstitiously believed that he had introduced it. The first and second years the fever carried off great numbers of natives all along the river, and in fact cleaned out whole villages; and there was then no quinine

in the country, the Doctor being obliged to use the dogwood root as a substitute. From that shock the Indians never recovered, and probably it was better for the whites, when settlers began to come in, as in former times it was dangerous to ascend and descend the river in canoes or boats without a strong crew, well armed. When administering medicine to the Indians in 1832, through the directions of Dr. McLoughlin, I never thought of the danger attached to a doctor or medicine man amongst them. They often kill an unfortunate medicine man, as they called a doctor, and indeed the Klickitats shot one a short distance below the Fort, during my residence there. But the doctor killing brings to my mind a melancholy case in point, which happened at Fort Camloops in 1841: Chief Factor Black, of the H. B. Co., in charge of that post, and who had been over forty years in the Indian country, and consequently well acquainted with their habits and superstitions, incautiously gave medicine to a sick Indian, who died soon after. Poor Mr. Black, all unconscious of danger, was one day pacing back and forward in his room, when the brother, I believe, or some relative of that Indian, shot him through the back. On intelligence of this murder reaching Vancouver, the Company, agreeably to their usual custom on such occasions, immediately dispatched a strong party, who did not return before the criminal was brought to justice. I have no doubt in my own mind but that the melancholy murder of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman occurred in the same manner. Mr. Ogden, already mentioned, was the person through whose exertions the captive whites were redeemed from the hands of the Cayuse Indians, on that sad occasion, he having gone to their country for that purpose—and for which he deserved more credit than he ever received.

I have lately heard of some published remarks reflecting on the conduct of the H. B. Co., and on that of individuals, in their services to the early American Missionaries. I can only remark from my own experience, that while in the Company's service the gentlemen of the missions were invariably treated with kindness and attention; and in fact, so anxious was Dr. McLoughlin to accommodate them and their families, that I can well recollect some of the young clerks grumbling at their being turned out of their quarters, and crowded into others, in order to better accommodate the strangers.

Another man of mark at Vancouver, in my early days, was Mr. Francis Ermatinger, a clerk in the service, a regular jolly, jovial Cockney, whom we sometimes styled Bardolf, from the size and color of his nose. He was full of humor and had a great fund of talk, of which he was, no niggard, and would address himself to the doctor in all his humors, when others took care to stand aloof, so that it was often said he bearded the lion in his den; but sometimes the lion would give a growl, and say that Frank did nothing but bow, wow, wow. Frank, however, was a capital trader, and was despatched to the Snake and Flathead countries to encounter the American fur traders. He was also frequently engaged escorting the Missionaries, and from his constant good humor would often make the most staid and long-faced of them laugh heartily, and I am pretty certain that many of them to this day remember kindly the frank and jovial Ermatinger. He afterwards retired from the Company's service and joined a brother in business in Canada, where he died.